

CAVALCADE

FEBRUARY 1946 1/-



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Cavalcade

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NEW AUSTRALIA



How does a compulsory exile think when he sees his country again?

I AM home . . .

That is the thought which is with me all day and every day. The first morning after I got home, I stood back and looked at myself in the mirror. On the dressing table was a photograph I'd had taken just before I went to Malaya with the Eighth Division. Comparing the man in the mirror with the man in the photograph I couldn't see a great deal of difference. Facially, I was pretty much the same — but what of my mind, my thoughts?

I have still to find out about that.

I was 40 when I left Australia, and I am 45 now. My story is more or less the same as that of any other prisoner of the Japs, except that I was luckier than most, because one day, as I stood in Changi Barracks, an iron bar fell from a building, hit my head, and caused injuries which meant an operation.

That was lucky, for I was due to leave with a working party for Borneo a day or two after — and the men who did go are still there . . . in pits dug by themselves. I was lucky because the Japs left me with two arms and two legs — though I saw many operations performed by Aussie doctors who used saws borrowed from Jap carpenters. Most of all, I am lucky because I am home!

I am not ashamed of the fact that I cried as my ship entered Sydney Heads. Everyone around me cried, too. For this was the city which, in our bad moments, we thought we'd never see again.

This was Australia!

Oh was it?

When I left my country, my boy was just past school-leaving age. When I met him at Ingleburn, he was a man, a sergeant in the R.A.A.F. Somehow, I had expected to find him the lad that I

had left behind. For me, time had stood still.

I realised when I saw him that the four years had brought changes, of which this was the first hint.

Despite those years, I am happier now than I could have ever been in my life. People ask me what I think of conditions in Australia; what I think of strikers; how I feel about shipping hold-ups which have delayed the transport of food to our troops in the islands. Perhaps I should have feelings about these things — I think that later on I may feel even a little bitter that men should abandon the great bond of comradeship. Now, I am unable to feel any sensation but the glorious, incredible one that I am home. Nothing, at this moment counts — except that I am with my wife and family.

I do not ever want to be unhappy again — so I do not think about strikes and radars.

Sometimes, I feel like a stranger in my own country. People still speak the same language, but now and then I find myself grasping for the meaning of their words. They speak of "jive", and "jitterbugs" and "bobby-sox" — and I have to ask what the words mean.

I watch women collecting fares in trams and buses, and it seems unreal. I see girl-soldiers in smart uniforms, and I feel a deep, but strange respect for them.

The first time I and my mates saw a gas-bag on a car, we stood in wonder; we thought, most of us, that it was a new way of carrying luggage.

These things leave me puzzled, aware of my new Australia. It is in small things that I get my

greatest thrill. When I was in Changi, I heard that Ron Richards, the boxer, and Ted Bartle, the jockey, had been killed. On my first Saturday home, I went to the races — taking, incidentally, my own glass with me because I'd heard that it was the only way to be sure of a drink — and I remembered I said to my companions:

"That was bad about Bartle, wasn't it?"

My friend looked at me without understanding, so I told him that the Japs had said he was dead. He laughed, then, and said:

"Why, Bartle is as alive as you are?"

I was unaccountably glad — and thought that at least the jockey and I had something in common; that the reports of our deaths had been grossly exaggerated. But don't ask me to explain why I was so happy when I learnt that a man I *did* not know was still alive.

The plumbing arrangements in my home fascinate me. It is hard to believe that I am done with filthy borcholas, whose men collected at night, and, wrapped in blankets, dared not move away because they were suffering from dysentery. Now, I can pour a bit on — it is as easy as that.

One of the things I'd planned, if I ever got home, was to do the shopping for my wife. I did, and became very involved in coupon values. When shopkeepers attempted to explain — and I had already received a lesson from my wife — I felt like a schoolboy learning from a slightly impatient teacher. And even then, I would insist on asking for a dozen apples.

THE famous English example,

Charles Lamb, was once delivering a lecture when a critical listener expressed his feelings by hissing loudly and continuously.

For a second or two, Lamb was disconcerted but recovered quickly to say:

"So far as I know, there are only three animals that hiss — a snake, a goose, and a fool. Will the gentleman please come forward and be identified?"

When I got no change from a pound in the green grocer's, I began to wonder how some people lived.

In camps at Changi and Lakemba, we used to do a lot of mental shopping. We'd remember all the things we used to buy and hoped to buy again. It was easier to think about buying them than to put our plans into action when we came home. The articles we talked about must just weren't in the shops — although I'm told that if you know the right people you can still get them.

Still, the things we really want — the things which maybe you don't consider luxuries — are there in plenty. It is, in fact, amazing that so many commodities can be so abundant.

In Changi, a mate and I made a bet. It was: which war would finish first — the European or the Pacific?

Working on the theory that the Allied Nations would try to dispose of Germany first, I backed

my reasoning to the extent of a 50/- bet . . . the winner to receive his reward when and if we agreed home. I won and I'm home. When I met my mate, we set about settling the bet. With a naïveté which must have staggered the retail store salesman who confronted us, we asked to see his range of headwear at or near the 50/- mark. By the time we'd repeated our request at half a dozen stores, we began to suspect that we'd have a little difficulty in settling the bet. I still haven't got my hat.

One of the questions I'm invariably asked when I meet strangers is: "What is the thing you notice most about the people?" My answer, just as invariably is: "They look blasted!" I'm even beginning to look blasted myself, to myself, I became so used, in the camp, to seeing starved and filthy men.

My wife laughs at me when I swipe, blindly and vengefully, at the fly which slights on my arm; but it's an involuntary action as instinctive as breathing. Not so long ago, flies meant discovery and — and sometimes, these diseases meant death. So I continue to swipe at flies when they come near me.

An outstanding impression of my Australia is that the people seem to be frantically trying to exist as much as possible out of life.

The old saw about money being man's servant and not his master seems to have little truth. People are smoking quicker, drinking quicker; the man who sells you a pint of milk acts as though his life depends upon getting rid of

you quickly; the baker uses — a worthy enough action, I suppose, but I do wish he'd pause long enough to answer my "Good-day." I'm not a heavy drinker myself, but I do like a periodical pot. And that brings me to the most amazing — and I must mention — change that I've found in Australia.

It's the attitude of women towards drinking. Some who drink little before the war are now displaying marked enthusiasm about the post-war; once, those who went into pubs did so with a slightly furtive air — but now, they stride into the lounge with the confidence of men.

If you're not used to seeing them enter hotels, you'll be impressed by their lack of self-consciousness, their appearance of accepting drinking as no less than a right. Maybe it is their right, and I just haven't conditioned myself to accept it.

Queues fascinate me. I see civilians waiting in long lines, and I think that their object must be tremendously important; and I find that sometimes, the commodity they are seeking isn't really a necessity.

These people in queues appear to grow most quiet and worried as they get nearer to their goal, as though the Gates of Paradise are about to close in their faces . . . and so get to Paradise, I've noticed, many are not averse to showing warmth aside.

But they are still my people. They're still the same folks that we thought of during our years of detention in prisoner-of-war camps. And this is still Australia, the place that was always in our thoughts — the place, incidentally, that I will never leave again.

Tomorrow? Tomorrow, I will do exactly the same thing as I did today. I will enjoy the phenomenon of having my family once more. I will look up mates who will turn white when they see me, for they think I am dead. I will enjoy the miracle of eating good food. I will look at buildings and streets and people — the things I've always taken for granted — and be excited by their newness.

In short, I will watch and listen.

For I am determined to catch up with the four years I missed . . .



THE QUEENSCLIFF



AT Queenscliff, Victoria, there is a buried treasure worth \$12,000,000. Or is it there? The town has schools of thought which ridicule both ideas. Despite the sceptics, practical efforts have been made to find this fabulous sum — a legacy of blood, and the consequence, in one sense, of a nation's fight for its freedom.

The rank and file have taken buckets and spades and dug away almost the whole of a cliff behind the schoolhouse, and business men and engineers, satisfied with the evidence that the treasure is planted in Queenscliff, have formed syndicates for its recovery.

This evidence is the discovery of basalt rock foreign to the locality, the finding of a Spanish coin, and a cabin inscribed with tell-tale initials.

And the driver with a map tattooed on his arm.

Take a look at the essentials. In 1821 Simon Bolivar was earning his nickname of 'The Liberator', waging his war to end Spanish domination in South America. The wealthy Spaniard feared and fled from his ruthless hand.

Was treasure ever buried near Swan Bay? If so, was it recovered?

Day after day, as city after city was freed, they watched with horror the rapacity and success of Bolivar's strikers.

It came Lima's turn. Bolivar was but a few days away, his bands of fighters inching to murder and plunder.

Every citizen of the ancient capital of Peru knew what a place Lima would be. Nobles talked with merchants and merchants with church dignitaries, and all of them spoke with the Governor. It was decided that the wealth of Lima should be shipped away, and no time lost.

A deputation towed out to the *Mary*, or *Mary Dear*, a British brig lying off Callao Harbor, port of Peru. To its Scottish captain, William Thomson, they made their proposal. Would he take the treasure to Spain? And with it so many of the aristocracy as he could?

During this historic agreement, the most interested onlooker was Benito Bonito. He of the Bloody Sword, renowned pirate of the Spanish Main, and first mate of the *Mary Dear*.

The ship was loaded straight

away. It was as if the yells and cries of the Liberator's army were singing compulsively in Peruvian ears. Men came out of the splendid cathedral swarming under the burden of two life-size statues of the Virgin and Child wrought in solid gold; valuable vestments, church plate and crosses were packed into the ship's holds; priests and officials both brought gold ingots from the treasureless doubletons, pieces of eight and silver bars; the aristocracy frantically hurried with caskets of gems and jewelled plate, rare and costly ornaments and nearly three hundred words studded with precious stones.

At last the holds were stacked with treasure and bullion worth \$12,000,000. The city had been stripped of her wealth, and it moved now as a world on the sea. Leaving over the bulwarks, its customs, glad to escape a savage and bloody death, yet sad at the depopulation of their country, were high church officials, nobles and women and children.

They gave thanks for their deliverance.

Benito Bonito saw them and the irony appealed to him. He went to Captain Thomson's cabin and talked logically, persuasively, and callously. He pointed out the rewards, and the contrasting pitance the rulers of Lima had offered. In an hour the plan was ready. Every member of the crew was instructed and armed. Then began the slaughter of the refugees — men, women, and children, every passenger aboard, west down in blood and shrieks and were tossed dead and dying into the sea.

For all the power and influence

he had over Thomson, Benito Bonito might just as well have been skipper of that vessel. It was under his direction that the ship sailed for Cocos Island. There, the treasure was hid in a cave.

The story now becomes confirmed and conjectural. History says that Thomson and his crew were captured by the British frigate *Esperanza*. Benito, it says, put a pistol in his mouth and blew out his brains, and the captain and two of his men who knew where the treasure was hidden, escaped. The rest of the crew, every man jack of them, was hanged from the yardarms. Still another story is that Thomson was drowned while attempting to carry a chest of doubletons to the boat.

For years search parties scoured Cocos Island; among the more famous treasure hunters was Malcolm Campbell. Five treasures are reputedly buried on Cocos, including that of Captain Kidd and although more than half a million pounds has been spent in efforts to unearth the precious booty, all that was ever found is a quade and one doubloon.

When the Victorian link up is considered there might reasonably be no cause for wonder that the Lima treasure was never found at Cocos. For it might be in Victoria. Certain experts do not cast this idea aside as so much rubbish.

The traditional story is that Thomson and Benito Bonito escaped punishment for their piratical crime and returned to Cocos Island. They collected the treasure and sailed across the Pacific, looking for a safer hiding place. For days they coasted along the

A LATE, BUT FIRM, RESOLUTION

Every made is a resolution,
Murder for is execution
Remembering this, we still I
view
That I will—I WILL, IN
TROW—
Fondle the joyful cup
That cheers I will! I'll give
it up!
Hear then my vow from
this day, I'll
Give it but one more year's
trial

wetery rim of Australia and finally found a paradise which would protect their treasure for all time.

It was an inlet, and there they reburied the great wealth. This islet is said to be Anderson's Inlet, on the south-east coast of Victoria, near Wonthaggi and the evidence for it is striking, even if it does read like Treasure Island.

It began with John Henden, of Exmouth. At Readey's Bridge, near St. Arnaud, he came across a drover named Lowe. Lowe seemed to be slightly demented; he was always babbling about a lost treasure. Henden was interested and went with him and his mob of sheep to Albany.

On the way this talk of treasure made Henden more curious when he saw that Lowe had a map tattooed on his arm. Lowe explained that it designated the place somewhere along the Victorian coast where the treasure was hidden. Henden copied it, and Lowe further told him that his father was

Edwin Lowe, a relation of Captain Thomson-Hendon checked up and found this was true.

He also found that the formation of Anderson's Inlet corresponded exactly with that of the tattooed map. How Lowe got the map nobody seems to know. But further evidence was obtained by the finding in the vicinity of a Spanish sea near a strange cairn of stones, antedating the arrival of the earliest settlers in that part. On the cairn is engraved the initials, B.B.—E.L., which correspond to Benito Bonito and Edwin Lowe, the drover's father.

Furthermore, the Mines Department has interesting records in relation to Turron Creek, a few miles from the inlet. In 1872 three prospectors took only nine months to get from \$4,000 to \$5,000 pounds worth of alluvial gold each at the creek. Later prospectors also found gold there. But the surprise of miners was only equalled by their disappointment when they found that the gold-bearing wash went suddenly dry; and through considerable prospecting for reefs and dykes has been done by tunnelling, nothing has glittered there since.

In 1934 a syndicate was formed under the directorship of some well known Victorian business men. The prospectus, issued by a chartered accountant, dealt with the facts of the treasure, gave details, and expounded the purpose of financing a search at Anderson's Inlet and Turron Creek. There was a careful hint for the treasure; but no one got anything more than a few rusty nails.

Three years later a Queen Street

mining engineer managed to push far enough into the recesses of secrecy with which the previous hunt was made to ascertain its results. He combined them with some private knowledge and said he thought the treasure was buried at Queenscliff.

He hired an Italian drover, who took his dressing rod along the shore of Swan Bay until the stick arched over a spot on the sand. There was metal there, said the Italian. By means of his instruments, the engineer confirmed this; his geophysical calculations told him he would need to burrow only a short way, but he knew that would be no easy job.

The spot was on railway property between the permanent way at Queenscliff, and the shore at Swan Bay, on a narrow stretch of sand fifty yards from the station. The engineer formed his syndicate, laying out £10 shares and getting an investment of £1,000, and having got permission from the railway authorities, who asked for fifty per cent of the find, began to bore.

For three weeks the pump and boring drill waged a fight with nature. As fast as the bore penetrated, the wet sea and filled the hole. It was a labor of days to reach fifteen feet, only to lose to the sand. A long steel rod was then tried under pressure.

Then the workmen and the gear disappeared and the populace are still guessing why. Although the consequences of the hunt is a dead secret, there is a persistent tale in Queenscliff that the long steel bore did grate against the lead of an old Lima treasure chest.

But, officially, the Queenscliff treasure has never been found.

An American treasure-seeker with a modern mind has expressed the opinion that the development of radar will revolutionize the business of locating buried treasure.

There is, *per/haps*, £12,000,000 worth of temptation buried near Queenscliff which may prompt him to put his theory to the test.

But on the other hand, even such a miracle as radar may not be successful.



THE MEN WHO MADE THE KING

Intimate glimpses of a great comedy pair, written by their press agent.

BILLY HOLONEY

LITTLE TICH was dying the death of a dog — a dog too old to learn new tricks.

The gallery was packed elbow to elbow, so close that it was difficult to free hands for applause, even if they felt like it. Instead, their feet shuffled uneasily as in the low rumble that precedes a thunderclap. They'd come to see Little Tich do his legendary dance with the big wooden boots; the number that had made the dwarfish comedian famous; the acrobatic device that always drew a burst of cheers as he balanced on the toe of his yard-long flappers.

But, at sixty-five, that Little Tich felt more like clippers than big boots, and he tried to glide along on his reputation: Little Tich, one of the immortals of Vaudeville: Little Tich, Jester for kings: Little Tich of the £350 a

week (who washed out his one and only wardrobe singlet after each night's performance!)

The Melbourne Tivoli gallery mob didn't care much for reputation. Little Tich without the big boots was like Ella Shields without "Burlington Bertie." So, as the sad little funny man tried to get by with dated whimsicalities and flat gags, the gallery showed its displeasure with one damning gesture — a penny thrown on the stage.

As it rolled into the footlights, the tinkle shattered a sudden silence just as if the counter weights had fallen through the boards.

Little Tich's granite-like face suddenly unfolded its years of laughing wrinkles in a paroxysm of scorned disbelief. His teeth bit his ridiculous lips . . . tears welled into his elfin eyes . . . He faced the audience with unspoken re-

proach, then strolled off the stage with the full dignity of his four feet three inches, to tell the stage manager that he refused to go on again.

Tich was told that if he did not return to complete the act, his contract was broken, his season finished.

He didn't go on that night. Next day he said he was ready to continue, but the management stood pat. Although there were two weeks of an unsuccessful season to be completed, the management held to the technical breach of contract with an eagerness that Little Tich found suspicious.

He was quite sure that the whole incident had been arranged to terminate his disappointing engagement. He even suggested that I had thrown the penny, though I had not done so.

A thrown penny is the atomic bomb of the theatre, cruel and unanswerable.

Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, with their team of stooges and their new style of unheeded comedy, would have opened in Sydney but for the counterpunch with Little Tich. Instructions were given for the crazy Americans to come right through to Melbourne, to open at the Tivoli immediately on arrival.

They were billed as "The Clown Princess of Variety," so, in keeping with their regal status, a royal coach, liveried attendants, and a red carpet awaited them at Spencer Street station. True, the royal coach was a 1910 Oldsmobile, the liveried attendants looked like fugitives from Madame Tussaud's wardrobe, and the red carpet had a hole in every foot and

a moth in every hole. Olsen and Johnson's eyes lit up when they saw the reception committee. Their own personal wardrobe was eccentric enough to match the blashy colored livery.

By a still luckier circumstance they arrived on Melbourne's Labor Day, which as usual, was given over to a big procession. Olsen and Johnson, their car and their retinue, found their way into the show, the comedians stealing the honoree as they progressed in their Oldsmobile, from which the back seat and floor boards had been thoughtfully removed. Thus, the comics, though within their car, had to keep running or walking to avoid being over-run by their own juggernaut.

From the opening show they were a riot . . . literally and professionally. There was more gas fire than music, and the constant bombardment with pedestrianism hating by the stage near Little Collins Street, in fear that Squeeze Taylor was on the rampage again. Olsen and Johnson were also first to introduce the now overworked idea of having the show overflow into the stalls, with the audience as slightly embarrassed participants, but the Americans had so much happening that no one had time to feel annoyed.

To take part in the show was a physical ordeal. Artists and stooges came off, sodden with the cross fire of soda siphons and mustard pies; and weary from the buffeting of booby traps and prat falls, but most of all, weak with laughter, for Olsen and Johnson were genuinely unpredictably funny.

A CLERGYMAN was busy making a census of his parishioners, and made it his custom to ask the children these four questions: "What is your name? How old are you? Do you say your prayers? Do you know what happens to naughty children who don't say their prayers?"

One good mother, visiting her five-year-old to make a good showing, carefully rehearsed the boy in the usual answers to these questions. On the day when the parson was due to visit the home, she put the young hopeful through the paces as diligently that he became a little confused—with the result that, when the parson opened the door, the five-year-old burst out:

"My name is Johnny Smith. I'm five years old. I say my prayers every night. Go to Hell!"

Off stage the stars made routine parodied. Little was one long act with laughter as the sole objective.

As the sensations of the moment they involved many social invitations at all hours.

"But we're not dressed," protested Ole. "Then come just as you are," coaxed some South Yarra hostess.

Ten minutes later a horrified butler opened the front door to find two shattering comedians dressed only in bathing V's and straw hats. After all, the hostess had said, "Come just as you are."

Melbourne did not know till later that the new type of vaudeville introduced by Olsen and Johnson was practically new to the comedians themselves. They had always done a crazy act in the States, but never on such an elaborate scale, and they were really breaking in a complete vaudeville idea in Melbourne.

When, years later, they introduced their fantastic "Hellaspopin'" revue to run three years on Broadway, the show was substantially the same as that broken

at Melbourne, even to the actual artists engaged. "Hellaspopin'", with second-hand scenery and wardrobe, made a million dollars for each of the comedians.

However, while in Australia, they were not quite so successful in musical comedy. Impressed by their vaudeville success, J.C.W. Ltd. put them in a light musical "Tip Toes," with Gus Blissett. Olsen and Johnson couldn't stick to the script, and they turned a pretty little story into a haphazard farce, topping "Tip Toes" on her nose.

Like every other good judge of the time, Ole and Chic considered Gus Blissett world material, and wanted the Australians to return with them to Broadway.

From their friendship came a sensational incident. "Tip Toes" stubbed her toesies and Olsen and Johnson returned for another Tivoli season. The Americans had long since proved too mercantile for Melbourne hotel proprietors, and were now residing in apartments in the front of the Tivoli Theatre, Bourke Street

Gus Blissett also had a flat there, and Gus, the highest paid comedian in Australia, had a valet, whom Olsen and Johnson borrowed.

Frank Dexter of the Melbourne *Argus* and I shared another flat on the top floor, and we had the only piano in the building. Whenever there was a party in the flats—a frequent occurrence—our piano was in demand, and we loaned it on condition that the borrower jumped it down one flight of stairs, and hunk up again when no longer wanted.

Olsen and Johnson and Gus then decided to have a party. They sent the valet for the piano, apparently expecting him to collect Sansons, but to protect our investment we gave the valet a hand.

That night the party was a bust. To the necessary ingredients of wine, women and song were added dice, stud poker and laughter till dawn, with Gus's valet keeping the drinks in constant weary go-round.

About nine in the morning our hangover coma was broken by the insistent knock that only debt collectors, landlords and plain clothes policemen can achieve.

Would Moses, Dexter and Mooney please tell the detectives what they knew about the murder? What murder?

The murder of the poor fellow in Olsen and Johnson's flat!

An apartment cleaner had been hired to find the young valet lying face downwards in the grate, with all the symptoms of having been choked.

A shaky line of aghast comedians and press agents made very poor

all. The poor fellow was shown to us... but a post-mortem cleared us... written under the hangover spell have had an epileptic history, the weakness being unknown to Gus Blissett or Olsen and Johnson, who had always treated him easily and generously. However, like many others he couldn't react being around celebrities, and instead of going home after the party he decided to rest on a sofa in the apartment. A sudden seizure due to over exertion must have caused a swelling at the neck, and his tie choked him. The fact that the valet, that very day, was to become heir to a legacy complicated matters in the eyes of the police.

Three hours later Olsen and Johnson had to put on a new show at the Tivoli, and although badly shaken were, if anything, a little crazier than usual.

The Tivoli's then General Manager, Jack Macgrove, brought me to Sydney in the combined role of keeper and publisher to the mad caps.

Sydney was agog, not so much for Olsen and Johnson, but for the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York.

There were big things at Admiralty House. No entertainer was too lavish for the royal party.

The Governor-General's A.E.C. asked Mr Macgrove to make his best stars available for the Government House Ball in honor of the Duke and Duchess. Would Olsen and Johnson come?

They were available all right, but the management was more concerned as to whether they would be respectable. We had no wish to be shot for live midgets.

And so I was instructed to impress upon Olsen and Johnson the awful responsibility with which they were entrusted. No funny business, boys! No fancy wardrobe . . . no practical jokes. This was serious.

They seemed to be impressed. They said they knew how much the Royal Family was respected, and they promised to do only their straight act of songs at the piano, with Ole, perhaps, doing his comical fiddle playing.

I sent them off to Government House immaculately and correctly attired in top hats, white ties and tails.

The Major Domo of the grand occasion announced them with due ceremony.

"Introducing Olsen and Johnson, by courtesy of the Tivoli Theatre."

Olsen and Johnson made a dramatic entrance . . . bowed low, swept off their top hats in salute . . . and from under both hats flew out a flock of pigeons which they had borrowed from a magician on the programme!

The laughter was led by the Duke and Duchess . . . the party lost all formality and as the night wore on it was all that the A.D.C. could do to stop Chic stopping the Royal guests on the back.

From then on their billing throughout the United States was: "The Men Who Made the Duke Laugh."

Later, when the abdication of the Duke of Windsor made the Duke of York King George the Sixth, they altered their slogan to "The Men Who Made the King Laugh."

Incidentally, Ole and Chic had a sure-fire formula for a "belly laugh," theatre parlance for the successful puff. They maintained that a gag that depends on hearing alone was not sufficient, the eyes had to see it, too. So every big laugh in their act was secured with some property or effect which combined to create the unexpected that is the basis of all comedy.

Life was one long party . . . they lived for parties and entertained on a scale which must have seen them depart from Australia with little more than experience.

Every party was a ten ring circus. For one little social evening, they hired a big mansion at Bellevue Hill, turned the biggest room into a dance floor, used another room as a vaudeville theatre, moving pictures somewhere else, and in the basement was a bookmaker with trays of game cocks, secured from goodness knows where, to enable the guests to bet on the betting business. At every turn was an unlimited supply of chicken, caviare and champagne.

Just to cope with an excess of hospitality, Olsen and Johnson pinned on each guest's lapel a large printed tag which said, "I am a casualty from Olsen and Johnson's party, please deliver me to . . ."

with a space marked for the guest's address.

Exhibitionists, of course, but charming withal.

Many famous comedians came over the Tivoli circuit in that era: Will Ffytche, Robb Wilton, Harry Weldon to name a few. They were great character actors rather than comics. I also had time to meet and

observe Bob Hope and Jack Benny at close quarters during their recent tours of American service camps. Funny men, undoubtedly, but practically business men with their own successful formula for laughter. I may be wrong, but I think that Hope and Benny would cease to be comedians if the game ceased to be lucrative.

But Olsen and Johnson are born clowns, who would go on entertaining just so long as people are willing to laugh, and, like the Jesters of old, laughter is in itself easily

their most satisfying reward. Olsen and Johnson were good blokes by any standard, simple and friendly, sharing all their possessions with all who appreciated laughter. Money meant nothing to them. Ole once left a hundred pound note on a table in the old Australia Watergarden as a tip for a waiter in mistake for a one pound note, and never even bothered to go back and inquire about it.

"Hallsapoppin'," it occurs to me, is a very apt name for their show.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



WHEN YOU GET TO THE END OF THE STORY, WHERE PEOPLE ARE SUPPOSED TO BREAK OUT LAUGHING, AND YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR AUDIENCE IS WAITING FOR YOU TO GO ON AND COME TO THE POINT

GORDON ALEXANDER



LATER THEY'LL HAVE A VOTE

Child delinquents in N.S.W. are enjoying a New Deal. Will it answer their problem?

BETTY LEE

MAGISTRATE MCCREADIE was patient. "Why don't you like school, John?"

The small, fair-haired boy of 12, on a transient charge, shuffled awkwardly. "I don't know, sir."

He was in sixth class, got on well with his teacher and with the boys. He could do the work.

The only trouble with John was that he just didn't turn up at school.

"Have you anything to say?" the magistrate asked John's father.

"Only, if you let him off this time I'll see that he goes to school regularly. Your Worship."

The Court was silent. The Magistrate shuffled through his papers. The Court Recorder tapped suddenly at his typewriter.

"Lad," said the magistrate, "your father has made a petition on your behalf and promises to see you will attend school regularly in future."

"This Court rules that you be remanded for four weeks. At the end of that time you will appear again before the court. If you have not attended school during that time, you will be committed to a

State Institution. That will be all."

If the State Institution was anything like the Metropolitan Shelter in which John had been detained, then the boy had reason to fear. The "Black Hole" which received delinquent children in Sydney is not far removed from the institutions described by Dickens over a century ago.

Situated in the worst part of Sydney's dirtiest slum, it looks out upon a smoky sea of roofs and crowded tenements. It was denounced in 1922 by the Minister for Education Brunsell. Something would be done to replace it, he promised.

A boy who was detained there then, at the age of 12, might go back today as a man of 36, and see no change.

The big kitchen he scrubbed then still smells of onions and cabbage. The schoolroom, where in school hours the boys lounge dismally over desks, is still used as a dining-room also. The older boys still make toys or baskets in the same small building across the courtyard. The same tables and

benches are scrubbed in the same way by boys awaiting trial; the lanky boys still help in the laundry.

Upstairs there are still two dormitories of 30 beds apiece, neatly made and covered with spotless quilts. The boys still make the beds under the supervision of the morning warder.

This is not a goal, doors are not locked, windows are not barred — but escape from the walled courtyard below is too much for the boys.

It is a clean place . . . but it is so dismal, so slummy and cramped, and the views from the windows are so depressing, that the visitor is glad to walk through the guard-door into the outer court again.

In America a schoolgirl killed a man with an axe and got a thrill out of it; there, as in England, children neglected during the war are vicious juvenile thugs. In the Philippines a 17-year-old boy murderer was arrested while sleeping with his 15-year-old mistress. In Australia a sixteen-year-old boy held a bread cart at gunpoint the day after an 18-year-old allegedly posed as an American major and committed armed robbery — while 15-year-old prostitutes were to be found on the streets.

And as child delinquency all over the world posed a new and frightening problem, the last use was being made of the "Black Hole" of Albion Street, as New South Wales led new waves in Australian child reform.

If the advice of 24 years ago had been heeded and the promises of that time kept, the antiquated slum detention school would now be one of the inhumanities of "old

Sydney." Only last year, however, did the present Education Minister Heffernan provide the solution as part of his programme for efficient treatment of problem children.

The answer was to take the detention school out of the slums, to set it in the clean, wide streets of respectable Ashfield, despite the bitter resistance of people who could see no merit in giving delinquent children a place outside the smoky slums which are the background and breeding place of crime . . .

By strong contrast to the "Black Hole," the new school, *Yarrowood*, has a cool, airy and comfortable administrative building, flanked by two well-built living blocks for the boys. Magistrates' courts, lounges, dining rooms and sleeping quarters are surrounded by sunny lawns and gardens; a broad playing field with trees replaces the panorama of dirty roads and chimneys.

These things are not too good for children who, whether they make good or not, will be the voters for our future governments.

In its mildest aspect, child delinquency has dealt with over 50,000 truants in the 1940-45 period; but solutions were found for so many cases that only an average of 15 a year were sent to transient school.

Periods of absence from school are the opportunities for wrong doing—time off to serve very often an apprenticeship to crime.

In the Children's Court two boys were on trial for breaking and entering and robbery. They had been allowed home for the weekend from Boys' Town, near Sydney; and instead of returning on

PERMANENT POSITION

It's generally accepted as a life's tribulation.
They all of us suffer an intense frustration—
Which brings us to one, he wit Penny Penruikins,
Who since early childhood had yearned for the circus.
And always when one such came to the town,
Worful, he'd leave the gulf of the dawn
He'd wonder midst tent and iron-banded cage,
Thinking thus he'd inhibitory assuage
One day as he wandered, he offered some lunch
To the King of the Forest, whose answer was "Crunch!"
And by this drastic method, our hero, Penruikins,
Ambition achieved, became part of the circus.

the specified train they decided to look over the city. They became hungry — broke into a little shop — stole £30 worth of perishable goods for which the rightful owner claimed compensation.

The parents of one boy were present, tense and worried as the Magistrate examined the case.

These boys weren't louts; their parents weren't in poor circumstances. The father told the court he had been four years in the Second A.I.F. That boy was sent back to Boys' Town to have another chance.

A curly-haired girl of 13, who had already been remanded on a truancy charge had, during her period of probation, again been charged with stealing.

There were no marks of viciousness about the girl. Her eyes were brown and dancing; she smiled as she walked into the court-room. The medical report on the clerk's table said coldly that she was a virgin and therefore showed no signs of venereal disease.

Even at 13 officialdom has to query the chastity of girls.

This girl was charged with stealing one ruler, two rubbers, a pair of ear rings, one bangle, one bottle of green ink. Previously, with her 11-year-old brother, she lifted from a Sydney ware counter two books, two tubes of lipstick, two strings of beads, six fishing lines, three tubes of paint, two bicycle connections and a bicycle repair outfit.

Her father had nothing to say. Sitting quietly before the court the wan light shone significantly on his returned soldier's badge.

The magistrate was patient and thoughtful. Finally he ordered the case adjourned until the girl had been further examined by a psychologist.

Fifty other children were awaiting trial in the "Black Hole" while these cases were before courts which are not like other courts, but are smallish, darkly painted rooms, grimly furnished with a few chairs and tables for court officials. They contrast strangely with the courts about to be opened in the new shelter — light, airy rooms with windows overlooking lawns and gardens.

As implied in the case of the curly-haired girl thief, both medical officer and psychologist are permanently dealing with child offenders.

Dr. Bruce is a grey-haired and kindly man, who says that his Department's job is not to commit children to institutions, but to see how they can be kept out.

The first step is to take stock of the health of every child brought in. The next is the psychologist's task of assessing mental health, testing the intelligence quota and, if necessary, having a trained welfare officer visit the child's home to study the background against which the child has erred.

Frequently, these welfare officers report good, even luxurious homes, proof that the condition of a delinquent child does not always rest in the fact that home environment has been poverty-stricken.

A study of home environment proves that it is the handling of a child, and not its advantages which contribute to its character. One boy who was brought into the Shel-

ter was the son of a schoolteacher, who had an executive position at a large and well-known private school for boys. The fact was stressed on his report.

Magistrates know much about the children, therefore, before the case comes to court — and they then judge whether the children be committed to an institution, or remanded for further medical or psychological attention, or discharged to be given another chance.

With such cases passing through the courts in a steady stream, and with no sign that child delinquency figures will decline unless new steps are taken, the widespread scheme to modernise our handling of such children is an important step.

The difference between the "Black Hole" and Yarrow — between smoky roofs and green trees — represents progress. It is 24 years late on the showing of published reports. But, with our youth showing the aftereffects of easy living, it could not have come at a more important time.





A scrap of paper and a pair of links brought the police to the culprits.

JOHN LYALL

The Link With **MURDER**

THERE is, we are told, havoc among thieves. That depends on the men — and the money. It is not always so . . .

There was the case of the two missing gold detectors — Detective Inspector Walsh and Detective Sergeant Pitman. On April 27, 1926, they left their Kalgoolie headquarters at 8.30 p.m. Local police knew they "had a line" on a gold stealing plant, and were used to their absences on such jobs.

Both men were excellent businessmen, both were likely to be aimed, and nobody worried, until two weeks had passed without any news of them. Inspector Spedding-Smith, of Kalgoolie, asked Perth for help. Chief of the C.I.D., Inspector Corden, came up to investigate.

He stated, via the press, that he was gravely concerned for the safety of the two detectives, and asked that anyone who had seen them should tell the police where and when . . .

Two men in a sulky passing Miller's Ford, an abandoned mine shaft some six miles out of Kalgoolie, wondered what could be

the cause of the haunting stretch in the air. They wondered, too, why a burning curtain of bloated blowflies swarmed over the top of the shaft.

A shift worker, homeward bound on the night of April 29, saw a car at a level crossing. A late train rambled along the line wheeled. The car lights went off in a flash. They did not reappear. The shiftworker thought this so unusual — that a car should be there in the early morning, and that the train should whistle and the lights go off — that he told his wife. When the papers published Inspector Corden's statement, he considered that the car might have had something to do with the mysterious disappearance of Walsh and Pitman.

Edwards and Brown, the two men in the sulky went to the police with their story of the smell.

The police thought the matter warranted investigation, so with a motor truck loaded with equipment and a couple of experienced miners, they went out to the salt-bush ridge where the old mine held its secret.

Few people ever went to the lonely, desolate spot. The police stopped the truck some distance away from the shaft. Famously marked in the wall at the head of the shaft were traces of a cart, and tyre tracks . . .

The smell was sickening, even from a distance. Better, the miner who descended the shaft, could only stay down for half an hour at a time. Then, he had to come up for air.

Sixty feet down, he found pieces of timber . . . bags . . . rubbish. These he sent up to the waiting police.

Underneath, with the smell growing stronger, he found part of a gold treatment plant . . . an animal kiltie . . . a light saw, encrusted with blood . . .

All through the morning and well into the afternoon, he kept on with his grueling task, each time finding more evidence in the shape of bloodstained bags, partly burned clothing . . .

And underneath the rubbish he found the bodies of two men. The heads had been sawn off and buried, the legs seen through below the hips and again at the knees, the torso seen in half, and all of the pieces wrapped in bags and partially burned.

Buried under the bodies was more gold smelting equipment . . . and a cuff link bearing the initials W.H.J.

The fire had not quite destroyed the fingerprints of one hand. This soured the police that they had found the bodies of their two colleagues, for the fingerprints with the peculiar ridged formation belonged to Walsh.

Detective Sergeant Manning came up with more police and two black trackers — Tommy and Sambo.

Manning was a wizard tracker, and though time had elapsed, he could still follow the trail.

The car tracks were followed, but had been made by a woman collecting saltbush tips for goat feed. She knew nothing, nor had she seen anything suspicious whilst she was around the shaft.

Then came the story of the mysterious car at the railway crossing. Although the ground around the shaft had been cut up by marked sightseers, Manning and his trackers circled the area until they picked up car tracks heading in the direction of the railway line.

They followed those tyre marks, although by this time there had been both rain and wind, to a patch of saltbush.

On another side of the saltbush, they found bicycle tyre marks — and footmarks, indicating that the bicycles had been wheeled for some distance. They trailed the new tracks, and found the bicycles, on which the two men had ridden out of Kalgoolie. Pirman's lunch bag was still strapped to the handle bars, the food untouched and mouldy.

It had been the custom of the two detectives to wait until they could catch their suspects red-handed.

Manning followed the path of the men through the saltbush. In a clearing he found footprints which showed him that a man had staggered and fallen.

There were still traces of blood on the grass and under the bushes.

ALEXANDER DUMAS the Elder boasted that he was the father of 530 children, none of whom possessed any of his ability except one, who achieved even greater fame than his father. Although the father earned over a million pounds in his lifetime, he died penniless, rebuked for the excess of livelihood on the personality of the son.

He was married once — turned into marriage by a girl who bought up all his debts and gave him the title of marquis or peer.

The detective found a torn piece of paper in the clearing, bearing the words "Boulder City, Cornwall Hotel, W.A." It was just a stray scrap of paper . . .

Hilda Sloe, the housemaid at the Cornwall Hotel, had taken up early morning tea as usual on April 29. For the first time in 15 months her employer was not in his room. He was hosing down his car . . .

Treflone, barman at the same hotel, had served six months imprisonment in 1931 for gold buying . . .

Four weeks after the detectives had arrived from the city, the licensee of the hotel and the barman were arrested for murder. The car was taken over by the police — a silent, but important witness.

Then, William Coulter, described as an investor, was also arrested.

There was no question that the bodies were those of the missing men. Walsh's son identified the cuff link as his father's property,

given to the dead man by Sir Walter James, and bearing his initials.

Seizure piled on sensation in the court during the inquest.

All the little things, by themselves insignificant, fitted neatly into the reconstruction of the killing.

Manning's evidence — his story of the painstaking search, the questioning of many people who might have been concerned, and the steady sifting out of facts — took an entire day to tell.

When the wife of the licensee of the hotel took the stand, it was to tell the coroner that her husband had told her of the murder.

When, in turn, the man himself was called, he told the story, claiming that Pitman and Walsh had come upon the gold plant whilst it was working, and that Coulter and Treflone had shot them.

Treflone, he went on to say, had shot Pitman down in cold blood — for Pitman had been the principal witness against Treflone when he had stood trial five years previously . . .

Exhibits took up much of the courtroom's space — gold splashed firebricks, parcels of gold-bearing ore, the bloodstained bag, the saw and carving knife which had vanished from the hotel about the time the two men had disappeared . . .

Treflone and Coulter were found guilty on a charge of wilful murder. The third man turned King's Evidence.

When the trial began in Perth, people queued up at eight a.m. for seats. By the time the Court opened, there was barely standing room, and hundreds were turned away.

Coulter and Treflone had both declined to give evidence at the

inquest, but when they were called on at the trial, Treflone claimed that the shooting had been accidental.

He had, he said, tripped with the gun, and shot them both accidentally as he fell. Pitman apparently died instantly, and Walsh, shot in the jugular vein, bled to death within a few minutes despite Treflone's frantic efforts to stem the flow of blood.

And then he lost his head and told his two partners of the tragedy. With the saw and carving knife, they had cut them up, carried the bodies to the car to the shaft after partly burning them. It was the intention of the third man to blow up the shaft, but he lost his nerve, claimed Treflone.

It had been a triumph of science, plus hard work, over crime. Every stone, almost every blade of grass

in the clearing had been combed for traces of blood. The trackers had followed the car trail for miles, losing the tyre marks, picking them up again, and finally locating their source.

In spite of the defending lawyer's spirited battle and his claim that the practice of stealing gold was regarded as a miner's privilege, both men were found guilty and sentenced to death. The jury added a rider deploring the fact that the third man was not in the dock with them.

Treflone, dying from phthisis, tried to save Coulter, but both were hanged.

And the survivor of the trio claimed the £1,500 reward jointly offered by the Government and the Chamber of Mines, for whom the murdered men were actually employed!



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

Quiz Programmes Pay

Big



LOUISE BIRCH

Quiz participants are getting big money for knowing the answers.

THERE was once, so the tale goes, a Dubliner with a sense of humor and a gambling heart. He wagered with a fellow wit that he could take a seminingious group of letters, and make them the talk of the city within 24 hours.

The bet was on. The witty one strolled around the streets by night, chalking up four letters on buildings and fences and streets.

All Dublin wondered next day what the letters QUIZ meant. It was the gossip of the town.

The gentleman won his bet. He did more than that. He gave the English language a new word: Quiz, meaning to puzzle anyone.

To present day radio fans in Australia, quiz also means money — sometimes big money.

Once radio grew out of the freak programme era, stations began searching for ideas to hold their audiences. Listeners wanted entertainment. And a chance of winning money is always popular.

From the informal street interview came the quiz programme. The listening audience liked hearing its fellow men and women ramble nervously into a microphone.

Radio stations' mail swelled with requests to compete in quizzes. For those who knew the right answers, the prizes ranged from toothpaste, theatre tickets, and soap to money which is often counted in pounds.

In some cases, it went up to thousands of pounds. Mr. Raymond Coote answered two sporting questions correctly and was awarded a lottery ticket which drew first prize — £5,000!

Another major lottery prize of £1,000 went to five 28M quiz winners, each awarded a fifth share in a ticket.

Lottery tickets are still a popular quiz prize, frequently collecting the fees and trunks for the holders.

But like all other radio programmes the success of which depends upon novelty, quizzes eventually lost popularity, and approached mortality.

Audiences grew tired of the straight "question and answer" quiz, however novel in presentation; and advertisers, seeking to inject new life into a near-dead body, tried out new angles which merely suggested that the participant, instead of awaiting sudden death, would linger painfully until mercifully interred.

Then they found the answer. It was — Big Money. And under the impetus of big money, quizzes received a new lease of life. Its tenure depends simply upon the length of time which sponsors are prepared to go on making big prizes available to participants.

America found another answer: the introduction of a blast which bordered on the ridiculous.

The American Broadcasting System's *Detect and Collect* gave prizes, not only cash, but the object which the participant, by collating a series of clues, was able to detect. The clues are pointedly elementary, and the winner is pledged to take the prize home.

Apart from cash, prizes have included a cow, a Christmas tree, 100 watermelons, a barber's chair, five monkeys, 100 barrels of goldfish and a statue of a male which, on collection, the winner found to be alive. The lady who won the statue was unable to convince her husband that the "statue" was legitimately acquired, and that it would be a valuable addition to the menage. She became one of the few people to range on the winner's

pledge to take the prize home.

But such prizes possess only a transient popularity, and as the audience shows a progressively *flair* attitude towards them, the sponsors are compelled to seek other features as media to advertise their merchandise.

Meanwhile, Australian audiences continue to listen to quizzes which carry big prize money, but it is apparent that their interest is held not so much by the actual questions, but by the fate of the jackpot for which the participant is striving.

For straight out cash prizes, the *Leavey Quiz* session holds the Australian record.

Flight Sergeant F. O. Coyne scooped the jackpot of £105 for his knowledge of history.

A few weeks earlier *Leavey Quiz* had been recorded at a camp for repatriated P.O.W. at Hargrave Park. The big prize had gone up to £82/10/- when Private Phil Glover, of W.A., came to the microphone.

Quiz-master Jack Davey had been asking questions on events which had happened before the fall of Singapore. Glover was an engineer who had been working in pre-war Malaya. He had enlisted, fought, and been imprisoned there. Now, he was going home.

Glover van Bona of the *Leavey Quiz* unit, asked Glover what he intended to do with the money.

"Oh, I don't know," said the winner, sheepishly. "Can't do much with thirty bob."

"Thirty bob," said Glover, with some surprise. "You're worth £82/10/-, didn't you know?"

"Eighty . . . eighty . . .

NEW ZEST TO AN OLD PROVERB

A bird in the hand's worth two that are free
Is a sage old saying in the highest degree—
And sager still in my estimation
When divorced from proverbial application
To the man who first said it, come! Unfurled your banners,
And to Hell with time-worn fable maxims!
And if at the proverb your rhetoric boudoir,
Remember that fingers were made before toes,
And to posterity this warlike bequest:
The best bird of all is the one between teeth.

EIGHTY . . . spluttered Glover, almost speechless with the shock.

Glover decided he would buy a really lovely present for his wife and mother. He also wanted to buy a pick handle. And, when he was able to go back to his job in Malaya, he wanted to take the pickhandle with him. One of the Jap guards in his prison camp had been grimly nicknamed "Pick-handle Pete." The ex-P.O.W. hoped to meet Pete again . . .

Glover coaxed Gloria to help him choose a present for his wife. Another P.O.W. came along, too.

With the help of whispers and "She's about that big!" they picked out glamorous feminine trifles.

One of the gifts was a powder compact. When Gloria saw them off on the train for the next stage of the journey home, Glover shyly pushed a packet into her hand. It was, he explained, the compact she had picked out for her. He asked her to take it as a keepsake.

When the same show was doing *Leave Pass* in Melbourne a veteran of the last war and this, Corporal

Edwards, won £80 for a sporting question. When he said that he intended to use it to throw a party to welcome home his two sons from a German P.O.W. camp, the audience audibly demonstrated its enthusiasm. When the two boys arrived, they were invited to a special play-back of the recording of their father's winning ways.

The actual cash paid out in the season is the least of the sponsor's expenses. For instance, a show going on a Commonwealth-wide hookup into the sponsor back a cool ten thousand pounds for studio time alone each year.

On to that must be added production costs . . . recording expenses . . . headlines . . . artist's fees . . . The two thousand odd pounds in cash prizes, plus the cost of the sponsor's product handed out as consolation prizes, is no small chicken feed.

The quizzes which go out on a nation wide programme are all recorded ahead of the actual broadcast.

During the war, Quiz pro-

grammes could not be broadcast until at least three weeks after the recording, so that there was no possibility of their being used to convey information to the enemy.

The actual quiz prize money paid out annually in Australia comes to a sizeable wind.

Super-Quiz, aired weekly from Sydney's 2UW recently paid £11 to 13 competitors in one night. Two of the prizes, only one of which was collected, were straight out wins of five pounds. The others started off at 5/6, and doubled in value until the quizzer lost, or called it a day.

The highest amount reached that night came to eight pounds before the lad at the microphone lost. He was awarded two pounds consolation prize. But, assuming that the first person questioned had the right answer, and that he (or she) went on doubling the prize money each time, it would be possible to win £256.

Taking that nights eleven pounds as an average, the prize money distributed for *Super-Quiz*

would be about £600 a year.

Every Sydney commercial station has at least one quiz on the air each week. Not all the prizes reach the spectacular size. About half of the current quizzes have a fixed prize, such as *Cueboo Cueset*, the oldest quiz in Sydney.

Prizes for winners are double theatre tickets, with a pound for the best answer of the night — and all the quizsters deal with Australia.

There is also a fixed prize on *Information Please*, an interstate hookup from Melbourne, where, in listeners ask the questions, and the studio experts answer. Five shillings to the questioners if they can. A pound if they can't.

Give you say that, another Davey quiz, pays two guineas, or half-a-guinea for good, clean jokes, and a jackpot prize for a good gag tagline. Though it is comparatively new, it receives five thousand letters a week.

So it goes. Money literally out of the air if you know the right answers.





BLACK GOLD

He made a fortune in oil, and proposed to spend it on humanity.

RLTH PARK

AN Australian broke the seals on the world's greatest treasure. His determination and fanatical faith in his own judgment let loose a fountain of oil which has spouted black gold for over thirty-five years. It caused a riot, intrigue, revolution, secret murder, war and international hatred. His name was William Knox D'Arcy, and he plumbed the wells of Persia.

At the turn of the twentieth century, D'Arcy was a lawyer in Rockhampton, Queensland. One day a man threw on his desk some black stones speckled with gold. For a man with cool British blood, D'Arcy did a strange thing. He mortgaged his entire possessions and bought the remote and lonely hill whence the quartz had come.

It had no name, no roads led to it, and the blackfellows were the only ones who had ever camped under its lee. Over that waterless

swage country D'Arcy and four partners transported machinery by bullock and mule. There was gold, all right, and in a few years they had it all out. Half of it was D'Arcy's, and before he was middle-aged he had become a wealthy man.

He went to England, and on the way, at Port Said made the acquaintance of a new passenger, Kitabki, a Persian.

Meanwhile, in the waste barren hills of Mesopotamia, a French archaeologist was working. In the ruins he excavated he continually came across stones, in pillars and staircases, that galed his clothes with a greenish stain. This man, Dr. Morgan, knew a little geology, and being aware that the stones must have come from somewhere along the Turko-Persian border, realized that somewhere under that barren soil lay fabulous wealth.

He had his ideas before another Frenchman who knew a little about oil. They were joined by a Persian, Kitabki. This man, subtle and far-seeing, suggested that he approach the wealthy Australian he had met — William D'Arcy.

A fortnight later, D'Arcy was on his way to Persia. With one of his curious strokes of prophetic genius, he threw his great fortune into the venture. Kitabki's yellowed finger moved over the map.

"Here we drill," he said.

The name of the place was Chah Surkh, close to the Turkish border.

In the valleys stunted orchard-trees grew. The sun like sunlight which had burnt the lifeblood out of the soil, making it unfit for anything but goat pasturage, now scorched the men who drilled for oil.

D'Arcy found he had an old problem to face. His machinery, which had to be transported without roads or rails, was dragged in by camels, horses and peasants.

Turkish officials threatened him on every side. There was no coal to drive the engines, so wood had to be brought for a hundred miles. The dusty earth crumbled so fast it would not support the drill machinery. Smallpox broke out, and half his laborers died.

There was a locust plague which poisoned the water.

When the drill had bitten through seven hundred yards, oil began to flow, and it was immediately utilized for a fuel.

"Right," said D'Arcy. "Now we'll think about a pipeline. The shortest route is straight through Mesopotamia. The Turks will

never agree to that. Through the Iranian mountains will just about break the back. But we'll have to take it. We'll have to earn more money."

He approached the shah, Muzaffar Din, a timorous man who had unformed ideas of Persia's advancement as a nation. D'Arcy suggested that he should build the Shah a railway, linking several large cities, and thus laying the foundation for the famous Baghdad Railway of the future.

At the conclusion of this task the Shah presented him with a unique document. It gave D'Arcy unconditionally, the right to all oil found in the suburb of Persia, with the exception of the five northern provinces controlled by Russia.

Jubilant, the Australian went back to his camp at Chah Surkh, and found that the flow of oil had stopped. The strike was finished. The Frenchmen were frightened, for they already faced bankruptcy. Kitabki was silent. D'Arcy grinned. Adversity, he forced his partners to consent to drill at Skardin, Mamassa, and then at Mardin-Istafan.

They built another road, first used and praised for its way into the friendship of the clan chieftains who lorded it feudally over these mountains. They sank the drill, but there was no oil.

"Sick it again," commanded D'Arcy. In his pocket was a two-day-old cable ordering him to stop work, as his money was completely gone and no more would be advanced. The men pulled up the drill. Its point showed no sign of oil shale.

"Down she goes again," said

SIR THOMAS BRECHAM, Jr.

British conductor who once saved the life of Australians by criticizing our lack of appreciation of his talents, often runs about while conducting. On one occasion, his voice rose above the sound of the music as "believe that a man who had been betrayed by the accompaniment" sarcastically congratulated Brecham on his performance.

"Thank you, my friend," retorted the conductor. "After all, someone had to sing the damned opera."

D'Arcy Suddenly there was a subterranean explosion and the jerry-built drill scaffolding collapsed under the terrific force of the torrent of black oil which exploded out of the caverns of the earth. They had released one of the world's greatest powers.

Black with oil, belt-bladed, hysterical with joy, the four men stood knee-deep in the precious fluid.

D'Arcy said: "We'll form a company; take the worry off our hands. Then I'm going home."

"To England?" asked De Mors-

SE "Australia." The men's body was worn, his health broken from the terrific strain he had undergone. He felt he could not face a cold climate again.

"What are you going to do with all the millions?" asked Kitchin.

"I've got plans." From every nation in the world came fabulous, astronomical offers for that piece of paper which D'Arcy held. He ignored them,

formed the Anglo-Perian Oil Company, of which he was chief shareholder and managing director. Then he went home.

He had a strange urgency now to hurry the ship, for he felt the languor of sickness growing daily stronger. Some days he felt as though he would not see his homeland again. There was, too, an oppression in the air. The winds which had to run before the out-break of the Great War had almost muddled away, and the whole world was trembling in awed expectancy.

D'Arcy could see as an artery the pipeline which snaked across Mesopotamia and Arabia. He knew the early mutterings in Turkey, and the rumor which was boiling up against Russia.

Unceasing, as in a dream, he assessed that time when with the subtle weapons of high finance the mighty John Rockefeller would fight Deterding and Samuels in China and Iraq in the greatest oil war yet known, till the American toppled and had to retreat to his own country, trying to recoup his enormous losses.

D'Arcy knew that the oil he had lost in a flood upon Persia and the world would leave a grey stain upon the pages of history. He longed to reach Australia before international hatred broke into open war.

His health grew worse. There was a kindly priest on board, a simple man who took an interest in the sick engineer, for as such was D'Arcy travelling. When they had known each other for some weeks, D'Arcy confided his real identity. He was perversely pleased when he saw that the priest did not be-

lieve him, though he courteously tried to conceal his incredulity.

He lay in a deck chair in the sun-warming sun and sketched out what he wanted done with his millions, cursing as he did so his failing, enfeebled voice. Education, endowments, scholarships, model methods of crime reform — he found a great pleasure in pouring all these ideas out into the attentive ear of the priest.

He was going to be the first millionaire who really planned for his fellow man. The priest counselled him gently, controlling the feverish desires of the sick man. There was but the barest evidence of his belief that D'Arcy was hallucinated.

The Australian had enough strength left to grin.

"I'm not going to see Australia again, am I?"

The priest shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said. "You've driven your body like a dynamo for years."

"I guess so," said the other man. He was silent for a while, listening to the shuddering of the ship's engines.

"You don't really believe that I'm a man with more millions than fingers and toes, do you?"

The priest smiled. "Don't worry about all that now."

"Then you're going to get a shock, Father. I've made my will. You're sole legatee, and I've left you every last share I own in Anglo-Perian. You know, if any man does, how I want my money spent. Call the Captain. I'll need some witnesses."

D'Arcy died a few days later, secure in the knowledge that generations of Australians would remember him as his country's greatest oil benefactor.

But today, thirty-five years later, no one knows his name. Certainly not a penny of his money ever went to Australian charity, for the "priest" was a commercial agent, through whose trickery, or diplomacy, whichever you prefer, the oil of Anglo-Perian oil changed hands. It passed to be the black gold with which Britain fought and won the first World War.



MOLNAR



PERSONALLY SPEAKING ☆

MAX SCHMELING, ex-heavyweight boxing champion, stepped out of the roped square to the publishing business but, says the British Central Commission in Germany, "he was a symbol of Nazism for German youth." Result—the Commission has priced him out of the publishing business.

BRENDAN BRACKEN, Churchill's Minister for Information, is now Churchill's agent in a big offer from the U.S.A. To Bracken came representatives of big American publishing houses, waving large cheques in return for the most prized war story—the memoirs of Winston Churchill. Through Bracken came back Churchill's answer—no.

JACOB EPSTEIN'S versatility as a sculptor showed itself in two new busts which rapidly succeeded one another—one of war-discovered Ernest Benn, one of violinist, Yehudi Menuhin.

CARY GRANT was the third husband of the chain-smoking heiress ("the richest girl in the world") Barbara Hutton. She, at 33, had divorced him (41) after a four-minute hearing in which she said her friends loved him, and that made her nervous.

MRS. ANN BIRDWELL, of Kansas, believed her husband killed in action, and married her husband's uncle. Two days later she was told her husband had been freed from a prison camp. She's going to wait till he gets home and see what happens, she told pressmen.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, by his Moscow-Chungking post, altered the life of Mao Tse-Tung, China's Communist leader. Once a Chiang supporter, Mao had not spoken to the Generalissimo for 18 years, went to Chungking to see him, and asked for the Chinese Communist party to be legalised. Together they had a dinner.

EMILY HAHN, American authoress, had a child by British Major Charles Bowser in Hong Kong internment camp. Child Carole, now 31, was ring-bearer when Miss Hahn and Major Bowser were married in America. Told daddy was coming home, the child asked: "Is that good?"



(Right) For years, the kindly jerrahs have stood, like eternal sentinels over the Western Australian bushlands. But even Nature's creations are not immortal, and now the trees are falling beneath the timber-getters' axe to satisfy a country's booming needs.





Passing Sentences

A woman stands a better chance of catching her man if she keeps her trap closed.

When you are able to read women like a book there's a chance you'll forget your place.

Many a girl has been taken in when she thought she was being taken out.

All that stands between an ambitious boy and the top of the ladder is the ladder.

A jury is a group of twelve people of average ignorance.

Perhaps it's best to call it a day when a girl says she'd like to make a night of it.

Our neighbours have two children — the boy is a picture of his father; the girl is a talkie of her mother.

Some of our outback towns are so small the people don't have to gossip — they know.

Then there was the stenographer who took a letter from her boss — to her lawyer.

Even if love is blind it finds its way around all right.

The Irish woman: "The sooner I never see your face again the better it will be for both of us next time we meet."

Great aches from little corns do grow.

This was how taught many a girl that the best way to begin sowing wild oats is with same eye.

The surest way to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's

The fall of man dates from the time Adam took a tumble to himself.

Late, long, sand, and surf . . . these are the heritages of Australia's youth. Under their benign guardianship, young bodies attain glowing health. And, adds the occasional little lady pictured here, it's a pretty happy way to spend your days, at that.

Swift MERCY

Within 15 minutes, an accident victim is in Casualty's hands.

LIZBETH GARDINER



IF you happened to meet with grief in the gutter one night after a wet party, Casualty would treat you as an exception.

You would feel very ill after the routine stomach wash-out with bicarbonate and water, and no doubt the cool hand of an attractive nurse on your brow would be welcome. But forget such thoughts. Although the Casualty Ward's busy nurses are attractive enough, they will leave you strictly alone to sleep it off.

Party casualties form a fair percentage of the customers admitted to Sydney Hospital's Casualty Department, but "Cas" also deals with unfortunate members of the public who fall off trains, under trams and into the Harbor.

During any week, their operation-rooms deals with children's tomfores, the removal of moles and small cysts. They also set fractures, sew up minor lacerations and generally dab fracture of iodine on the work wounds of the careless. And what they do is typical of any hospital Casualty Ward in the land.

The apparently quiet and peaceful atmosphere might deceive the visitor into thinking that the city is at least learning to look both ways when crossing the road. The doors of the operating theatre stands innocently open — the table empty and the instrument trolley covered with a virgin white cloth. Wardmen in brown coats walk around the corridors with bottles of disinfectant at the ready to attack any suggestion of grime on shining appointments. Casualty is having a slack time. Business begins when the staff hears the engine of an ambulance growling at the door.

Here is a man who fell in the street and hit his head against a gutter. A helpful passerby called a policeman, who in turn rang for an ambulance. Pedestrians have learned to call help and leave casualties strictly alone until the ambulance arrives. Inexperienced first-aid by an over-anxious citizen might jerk a man's simple fracture into a compound case, and perhaps ruin his chances of swift recovery.

Reporting details of the case to Casualty's senior doctor, the police

sergeant took another look at his charge and left him in the hands of the sister. Before he left, the policeman checked the contents of the man's pockets with the doctor. In case the patient might accuse the staff of confiscating some of his money. Although Casualty sends no bill to members of the public admitted for treatment, these are many who have made this complaint. The rule of checking possessions in the presence of a witness on admittance disproves the patient's claim.

The Police Department works in close co-operation with Casualty.

One of Casualty's doctors tells the story of a young girl who fell down a flight of steps at the office. A walking case, she was helped to Casualty by her friends, and X-rayed as a possible fracture of the skull. As she waited for the report, she sat quietly, dazed by the pain in her head, her eyes fixed on the wall before her. Perhaps she had a lapse of memory, or perhaps she suddenly grew tired of waiting — but when the doctor returned with the report, the patient had disappeared.

He telephoned her description to the police immediately, asking for her return to the hospital.

"That girl has a bad skull fracture," he said to the police sergeant. "She might fall in the street."

Police made a search of the city. The missing skull fracture was found and returned to Casualty.

Apart from being able to deal with any case brought in by ambulance, Casualty staff must have a fair knowledge of psychology. Distracted friends of victims must be

pacified and calmed, as well as the patients themselves.

Sometimes, puzzling psychological cases are found even amongst the hospital staff. One young girl employed in the hospital laundry, which is situated opposite the Casualty Department, had to be treated frequently for fainting fits. To all outward appearances, she was a healthy girl, and the sister was puzzled, until one day the laundress told her that she never had time to eat a regular breakfast before leaving for work.

Apparently, her father had remarried, and it was the old story of the step-mother forcing the step daughter to do more than her fair share of work.

Sympathetically, Casualty's sister referred the case to the Hospital Almoner, and the girl was advised to board away from home. Today, she is pointed out with pride as one of Casualty's own special success cases.

The doctor-in-charge of Casualty says that if you are knocked down in a city street, you will be receiving treatment for shock and blood plasma within fifteen minutes of the accident, provided, of course, that someone calls an ambulance immediately. This time includes the trip to the hospital, examination by the doctor, transportation to ward, and the arrival of the plasma from the bank.

The record for casualty was the case of a man who had his leg amputated by a train. In ten minutes he was under the influence of morphine and receiving plasma.

There are two shock beds always open for Casualty patients — and if an emergency patient dies, it is

RICHARD CROOKS' son possesses a fine voice. Some time ago, while the boy was still in the seventh class, he secured a place in a choir, at a salary of 50 cents a month. Although inclined to be a little whimsical of the reward, he considered that the experience would be helpful, and consequently reported regularly for work. After a short period, the choirmaster offered a few words of encouragement: "Now, Duke, you know how proud we all are of your father? I want you to do as well as he did."

"What?" cried the younger Crooks. "For 50 cents a month?"

in one of these ward beds, and never in Casualty itself.

"That," smiles Casualty's doctor, "is a rule."

Swapping stories during rest periods, Casualty's senior doctor proudly tells of a pulmonary *sedens* case—a patient who would certainly have died within half an hour if not treated immediately by Casualty.

Obviously distressed, sweating, and blue around the mouth, the man was carried into the hospital by two ambulance men. He had collapsed in the street.

Immediately diagnosing the presence of fluid in the lungs, the Casualty doctor gave the patient morphine and intercostal oxygen, and sent him immediately to the ward.

The patient was in a stuporized condition as the doctor opened a vein in his arm and bled him of 455 cc's of blood—almost a pint. This relieved the congested condition of the patient's heart. There was a chance that the man would now respond to the treatment.

The doctor returned to his office leaving instructions that he be called immediately any change occurred in the patient.

Within half an hour, the man

had recovered enough to speak to the nurse, and next morning he sat up in bed to eat a hearty breakfast.

Contrary to the American practice, Sydney hospitals have no attached ambulance departments. When an ambulance is called, it is sent from Central District Ambulance in the case of a city accident, and each suburban district has its own ambulance centre.

This is a help to busy hospital staffs. There is no need for a doctor when you meet with an accident. He could only give you a drug, and it is the unanimous opinion amongst doctors that Ambulance men have nothing to learn about general first aid from the professional man. With the help of the familiar ambulance men, the casualty is transported to hospital in a short space of time, and there given all the modern facilities of medical treatment.

Doctors and nurses in Casualty do not grow hard as they deal with thousands of unightly accidents during the years. It is in Casualty that the ordinary man in the street comes with his broken arm or leg—struck. It is here that the footman and jetman of the midnight hours

drift for medical treatment.

It was with some understanding of human nature that a Casualty doctor examined the bruised feet of an Old Age Pensioner, who asked for a certificate stating that he need not wear shoes.

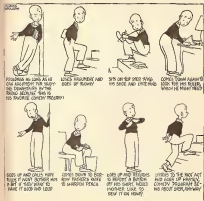
The doctor was surprised, and also amused. The pensioner had no reason for wanting the certificate, except that "he hated wearing shoes."

Finally, with a grin, the doctor wrote out the certificate, and the old chap left the hospital triumphantly waving the paper.

Two days later, he was back again, grumbling that the Matron in Charge of his Home had confiscated the certificate. He demanded another one.

Patiently, the amused doctor pulled another sheet of paper to write him and wrote still another certificate.

The fact that the pensioner left his pair of old and very smelly shoes on his desk did not bother him at all. They were placed carefully in a corner to wait for the old man's next visit. It is all in the daily routine of Casualty.



The Technique of Rattler Riding



The urge to travel at the country's expense calls for finesse and daring.

DARCY INLAND

IF you want to know how to jump the rattler see Charlie Calcein. We did — Kerry Kinchler and myself.

We didn't go to Charlie as a man might go to an information bureau, or to pick up a diagram of the time, waiting capacity, comfort facilities and pedigree of every goods, fruit, mixed and passenger train in Australia.

In fact, when we wandered with our swags up to his fire in the Wallagarra shagbush, all we saw was another begonia with a stubbled face and a crushed hat slanted on his head, stirring his belly of tea with a green tong.

"Good day, mate," we said.

"Good day," said Charlie.

"Where you making?"

"Tenterfield, with luck."

"Takin' the King of Spain, eh?"

"What's that?"

"The 11.45," said Charlie.

"Pullin' out a bit later tonight —

Midnight. Mixed. Not too hot. Guard's a bit of a Johnny. You boys got your truck picked?"

"Picked? Not yet."

"Ah, you always want to look over the job," said Charlie. "Get the lay of the land. Fined out where you're goin' to board her and what truck I'm jumpin' that old rattler tonight, and I've fixed myself up with all the dope. I always do. Get your panikakes? Drop of tea there."

We dropped our blays and got a fend ready.

"Yeah," went on Charlie. "Now that old awfully is draggin' twenty trucks; a couple with cattle; two with sugar; one with machinery; three empties that's going as far as Tenterfield to load somebodies' or other; and the rest have got spuds, wheat and timber."

"How do you know all this?" I marvelled.

"Boy," said Charlie, "when

you've been in the game so long as I have you'll find it's wise to know it, too. I found out, that's how I know. I'm goin' for one of the empties."

"Get any objections to us travelling with you?"

Charlie laughed: "Be glad of your company."

"By criss, you'll do us!" Kerry exclaimed. I agreed. This Charlie was the goods. We were only new chums on the track, and we could certainly do with an uncle to guide us.

We settled down with the stans beginning over us, and one hunk of conical beef on well-buttered toast with good strong billy tea to give it relish. After a smoke we rolled our swags and dodged down to the railway. The gleam of the lines ran under the stans. The train was on the loop, and the engine awaiting, the red glow over her great black body seeming to intensify our excitement.

"Get her on the offside," said Charlie. "Otherwise them hawk-eyed coves might see us from the station."

Apparently she was picking up a few passengers. We crossed the rails in the dark and jumped with Charlie into the open truck. We followed suit and spread our swags on the splintery floor. Our hearts were beating fast with a sense of daring, but Charlie was cool. I started to say something and Charlie hinted to keep quiet.

Kerry and I felt relieved when at last the buffers clanged and the couplings stretched. We were on our way bumping and hammering, with the starry sky rolling over us and stillness all around; the lone-

liness and dreaminess accentuated by the whistle of the wind over the swaying truck and our eyes winging from the cold currents of blowing air.

Kerry began to growl after a bit: "Why the hell didn't we get one of them with a tarp over it? Would have been warmer."

"I'll tell you why, son," said Charlie. "Because of the risk I've hidden under tarps, but I never do it unless I have to, like when it's rainin' and those open trucks are next to nothin' for misery. What happens when caught under a tarp? A big fine, a heavy good term, man. You see, a truck with a tarp over it is like a locked room. Get in there, and if you never pinched a thing they can have you up for breakin' and enterin'."

"And what happens," said Kerry, "if we get caught in this one?"

"This particular one?" said Charlie. "Well, if the guard gets us, he'll be a bit of an arseabout, we'd have to pay our fares as well as a fine. That's the way it always is. Another thing, if you only travelled four miles when you was caught, you'd still have to pay the fare from wherever the train left, no matter where you boarded her."

Charlie lay back and put his boots with his hat on them under his head. "I can give you fellows the drum about a lot if you'd like to listen."

Our silence aged him on.

"Sometimes," said Charlie, "there's no way you can get on a train without takin' a risk. Takin' about tarps again, there's another chance you might get a fractured skull. Sometimes the guard comes along with a long wooden waddy

ABANDON HOPE

Her name was Hope, and
hope I had
That is me she'd be kind,
And as we sped on through
the night,
My intent she dreamed.
At last we stopped. But
Hope was dashed.
Deaf she was to my plea,
She shook her head and
walked away—
I drew on—Hopelessly

and belts all over the stuff with it. If your head's in the road — well, I've seen that happen to Jimmie Clunkin, Moe and Jim was loco-motiv' to Narramint when the smokey pulled up for water. We heard the guard's footsteps comin' along the gravel — still as anything, you know — and people' over the side of the track down the slit of the tarp we saw the swingin' light of his lamp. We laid still.

"Then he barged with his waddy, crawlin' over the top of us. I saw Jim put his face on its side without a cry, right out to it. I heard the guard get down and waited for the crunch of his feet, tellin' me he was goin' away. But next minute he started for us to get out and lifted up the tarp flap at the corner. He'd seen where we cut the tie-ropes to get into the truck. Other times there wasn't any cause for suspicion like that, because after we got in we had a mate tie the tarp down again.

"We did this once and a guard caught us because we had a big slit cut in the tarp to let in some air on a stiflin' suffocatin' night in summer. We was half-dead till we did that.

"Sometimes, you'll strike a good sport among the guards. One frozen night me and Lemmy Pascoe was caught in an open truck. We saw the guard's head pop over; he just grinned and said: 'Cold, ain't she? Well I could ask you up to my quarters.'

"Durin' the depression, they policed trains something awful; for blokes was hoppin' on and off 'em like fleas. A lot of us was smart, even travelin' in coal trucks, but the cops got on to all the moves.

"They caught four of us one night at Stanthorpe, but we all got away. Why? Because we had Bob-bey Lord with us — an ex-cop. He knocked over two jobs and gave the father of a hidden' to some big standover merchant that was helpin' them. I heard later that Stanthorpe was goin' to declare a public holiday when that big cow got his medicine.

"The best time to catch you train is at night. You can catch her on the move, too, if she's got to run up a grade. Gettin' off here is a bother sometimes; but she might slow down a bit as she pulls into the station, or at some distance from the town to take a hill. That's your chance. Throw your swag out and jump straight after. I've seen blokes get all mixed up, throw out their swags and leap themselves a half mile further on. It's a helluva job in the dark goin' back and lookin' for the spot and the swag. Others throw themselves

out and forget the swag, which ends on.

"If you ever want to get to a job in a hurry, a fruit train is your best bet, if you're lucky enough to get one. The only way to ride a fruit train is to get in good with the guard, or travel between trucks. Well, they're vans, really, and there's no gettin' into 'em.

"Ridin' on the bumpers is dangerous work, and you got to be careful. You stand outside with each foot on a bumper shaft, and hang on to the track in front of you. You can ride a good way like this, but it's hard on the gums. I ain't been in any accidents, and I ain't seen any, but I heard of plenty.

"I knew a shearer who was bumper-joggin' when his legs got stiff and his fingers numb with the cold. He reckoned he'd get off the first time she slowed, 'cause he couldn't stick it. But he slipped before that, and all they ever found of him was all over the wheels. Other men have fallen or got their feet crushed between the bumpers.

"I heard of one feller who tried a new way, thinkin' he'd outwit the officials. He laid flat on top of the choo-choo. He had the bad luck to put his head up as she came to a tunnel. The wall took his knob clean off, and he rolled down with his neck like a butcher's bucket."

We got to Testersfield without a hitch, though it was cold, hard riding. We wanted to jump before she hit the town; but Charlie said there was no need, as she would arrive in darkness.

"Yeah," he said, "you always want to find out before you leave whether a train is goin' to arrive in the day or the night. Stations'll give you the information; and you want to feel out sleepers round about and blokes at the goods yard."

We waited until the three empty carriages were shunted down a siding, into the darkness. Then we quietly emerged, still and cramped, and boiled our billy in a paddock in the cold melancholy break of the dawn.





The Broken-hearted Giant

WHEN you stood near him his heart was on a level with your head. He took your hand and engulfed it. When he passed through an eight-foot high doorway his knees bent four inches. His gloves were 14 inches in length from the wrist to the middle finger, and boys could pull them on their heads.

A baby of six months could sit comfortably in his shoes—fifteen inches long. When he extended his arms men walked under them and looked up as at the boughs of a tree. He lit his pipe with ease from the street gas lamps.

Thus, Charles Byrne, the Irish giant.

The blood London of 1782, much treated to the spectacle of giants and dwarfs, blew a newspaper tramper for his arrival there.

"To be seen this and every day this week in his large elegant room

at the con shop next door to late Cox's Museum, Spring Gardens, Mr. Byrne, the surprising Irish Giant who is allowed to be the tallest man in the world: his height is 8 feet 4 inches, and in full proportion accordingly; only 21 years of age."

The Living Colossus, said people in their thousands who flocked to see him—poor and rich alike, aristocrats and fishmongers, the faculty and members of the Royal Society, gazing in admiration at the curious prodigy; ladies taken by his elegance and surgeons by the symmetry of his build.

One of these was the famous anatomist, John Hunter. Hunter stood off watching the giant, saying nothing, but mentally agreeing with all that was said about him.

"He is no abnormality," said a doctor. "I have never seen a man more truly proportioned. He is

just a mammoth edition of the perfect specimen of average man."

That is true, thought Hunter, but what is the reason? Why should this Byrne, without hereditary influence—his parents and relatives were of ordinary stature—grow beyond the normal size? What were the functions responsible?

There and then he resolved to have the body of the giant when he died; and the thought thrilled him.

Charles Byrne enjoyed being the talk of the town. With vain interest he read the newspaper accounts extolling him as a wonderful phenomenon of nature.

One day, after shifting his residence to Piccadilly White, at the Hampshire Hog, he could be seen by "Gentlemen and ladies, 2/6; and children and servants in livery 1/4." John Hunter approached him when he, Byrne, was alone.

"Can you in any way account for your remarkable size and symmetry?"

The giant shook his head: "No, I cannot," he said.

"Were you," said Hunter, "all ways of such extraordinary dimensions?"

"At 17 and 18 I was only eight feet tall," returned Byrne. "When I was 19 I was 8.2, and I have increased by two inches since then."

"It is not an important question, would you tell me what you have taken in the way of food all your life?"

Byrne laughed.

"Nothing that differed much from anyone else's. My food was always well cooked, it consisted mostly of potatoes and salt pork.

I always worked hard at home. Perhaps that had something to do with it."

Hunter was convinced that the secret lay within Byrne's body; and the mystery only increased his eagerness, and intensified his desire, to have that great form inert, dead, in his laboratory so that he might go ahead and find the solution.

"Have you thought what you might do with your body after death?"

"What do you mean?"

"Medicine," instructed Hunter, "would be prepared to pay you quite a sum for it now."

"What do you mean?" shouted Byrne, his tremendous bulk seeming to enlarge under the impetus of his emotion.

"Pray, don't become upset," pacified Hunter. "It was merely a suggestion. If you were to leave your body to medicine, the progress of that science might be immeasurably benefited."

"I will not have my body hacked and cut!" roared the giant, his voice that of a monster in a tunnel. "I will not have myself the victim of vultures like you. Get out—away from me before I crush the life out of you."

He and his shadow menaced the surgeon. Hunter backed away.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you," he said, "but you might change your mind."

The fury of the giant was loosed in a berserk violence. His weight thundered on the floor and his fist crashed splintering through the door that Hunter had hastily shut. The surgeon was gone when he looked; and he tore back into his

room, snugged a chair like match-wood between the pressure of his hands, shook the walls with his hammering fists and sobbed with gulping yells in a hideous paroxysm of fright and rage.

After that incident, the Goliath of London was a changed man. He went about with slumped lips and misery in his eyes; exhibiting extemporaneously an attitude of light-hearted seriousness when the occasion demanded.

He knew that his uniqueness was an affliction — a hateful deformity that lifted him above the rack man, only to be as conspicuous as the sun to the eyes of ghosts and fiends.

The landlord heard him lamenting in the solitude of his room. "Why am I so big? Why do I tower over people as a potato stalk over the rest? Why am I not like other men? This is a curse

upon me — the curse of the devil!"

He developed a persecution complex. Every shadow held a man like Hunter. He was even afraid to walk in the streets at night.

In his efforts to assume a normal attitude he took a job like any other man: that of porter at St. James' Palace; but he hated it, and that made him sure he could never be an ordinary man.

He began to drink heavily — to get away from the idea of death and the hideous visualisations of his skeleton dand with preservative hanging among the gruesome collections of John Hunter.

Perhaps it was a premonition of death that led him to seek out two fishermen of his own country. He gave them money, and told them that more would be paid them be his trustee if, when he died, they would load his body with weights and sink it in the Irish

Channel. To this they agreed.

On a night in April, the giant went to the Black Horse and drank hard. When he staggered out hours later he discovered that his pockets had been picked of nearly £800.

More alarmed than enraged, he saw the machinations of his enemy behind the robbery; they had attempted to reduce him to poverty so that he would sell his body.

He sank into acute melancholia, his jaws caving in and his clothes hanging on him like sacks. A month later he died, aged 22.

Newspapers said: "The whole tribe of surgeons put in a claim for the poor demented Irishman and surrounded his house just as harpists would an executioner's house."

Physicians sought out the undertakers ready to offer 800 guineas for Byrne's body. Failing an agree-

ment, they openly declared they would unearth him from the grave.

Byrne, said the obituary, was buried in St. Martin's Churchyard; Byrne, said men in the know, was dropped in a loaded coffin in the Irish Channel. They were both wrong, though a casket of paving stones did go down in the sea.

John Hunter, surgeon and anatomist, paid a bribe of £500 to the mercenary fisherman, and it was he who got the body of the giant; he who dissected it and boiled it in his huge kettle to get the bones and avoid discovery.

Hunter it was who studied the gleads of Byrne, and the structure of his great frame, seeking the reason for his gigantism; and it was Hunter who was responsible for giving to posterity the enormous skeleton preserved to this day in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in England.



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT. No. 13.

The Guillotine at Work

In Indo-China, an execution is a public event, oftenest performed.



LIN KUO-WING

IT was still dark, with the chill before the dawn. Only a cup of coffee lay heavily in my uncertain stomach as, with friends, I walked briskly to the scene of operations.

There, through the pre-dawn dusk, rose the twin thin shafts, and atop them, exactly as shown in pictures, sat the unmistakable shape — the three-cornered blade of the guillotine, gleaming metalically.

Behind the wicked instrument of destruction squatted the sinister stone shape of the Maison Centrale — the city goal. In the garden of the Tribunal Building across the road people were standing, while others hurried up to get a good view of proceedings. Several white women, dressed against the dawn chill, chic and lovely, waited as coolly as for the passing of a procession — far more coolly than I, who doubted nervously whether my stomach would stand the sight.

Indeed, but for a friend of mine

in the Suite I might never have seen Madame Guillotine at work. He it was who directed my notice to the announcement in the press, in small type.

Tomorrow three Annamese were to lose their heads for a crime committed more than a year ago. They had waited an hour while the Governor had the President of France confirm the death sentences; and now the confirmation had come through, and the public announcement had been made through the press, and the deaths were to be public, as they have been in France and French territories, so that one and all may see for themselves, if they so wish, that the condemned man has indeed paid the penalty. That was an idea of Napoleon Bonaparte, and it operates still. In a little Parisian street — outside the Maison Centrale in Saigon, where I was this morning. Justice, in its gruesomeness, without reluctance

You don't have to go and watch it. Yet there was a goodly crowd, waiting as if for a celebration.

And here was — of all things — the Fire Brigade, complete with fire-engine, close to the scaffold on which I would see men die. That scaffold was a raised platform with the arms of the guillotine carrying the blade high above it; it stood at the edge of the gutter; and for obvious purposes a bucket — an ordinary enough, but now very sinister bucket, stood beneath the blade.

Police and armed guards of the Foreign Legion stood around the scaffold, as if on guard. More police mingled with the spectators in the gardens, in case of any outbreak of trouble — for natives were permitted, if not encouraged, to see their countrymen die. A salutary lesson indeed . . .

The solemn peal of a nearby church bell interrupted my thoughts and observations. The hour of dawn had struck.

A pompous police officer gave an order; the steel gates of the city goal, that same Maison Centrale, swung back.

The man who emerged was dressed in white and his hands were tied behind his back. It required only a few steps to take him to the platform — a short thirty yards.

As he looked somewhat unsteadily about him on that short march, I remembered that a liberal amount of drink was allowed with the condemned man's last meal.

On the platform he was made to lie flat on his face. His head was pushed into the bottom half of a semi-circular iron collar —

the lunette, shaped to hold a man's neck steady. With a deft movement the active executioner slung the other half of that fatal collar into position. Without ceremony his hand tugged at a cord.

The great blade swooshed. It was all over. In a second the headless body rolled over on its side. It was lifted into the first of the white wooden coffins which were lined on the scaffold. The executioner picked up the head out of the bucket by its hair and dumped it into the coffin at the top end. What raised the bucket lowered freely down the gutter . . .

The fire engine's mysterious appearance was explained. Pumps came into operation and a jet of water sprayed across the platform, making it nice and clean again. How sinister gleamed the water on the planks . . .

A second man followed, perhaps only two minutes behind the first. He showed no emotion. He uttered no sound. The blade, which had been hoisted up, flashed down again. Another head was picked out of the bucket and dropped beside the body to which, thirty — perhaps only fifteen — seconds before it had been attached.

Somewhere I had read that it took many seconds for the severed head to lose consciousness — did the brain of the bodiless head still have its last flickers of thought — and was its last consciousness that of a turbidly, quickly milled-on coffin lid . . .

A shuddering thought, transcended by the swift appearance of yet another victim. A second time the fire-engine had done its work; perhaps the gash of color on the gut-

ter, perhaps the water dripping from the now gleaming blade, caused the third man to cry out, as they pushed his head into the iron collar, "Mou-lieu!" — "Quickly!"

Yes — it was quick — perhaps so quick that it surprised even that man.

A native stood beside me. As the blade fell he murmured a quiet sigh of regret.

"Vot're ami?" I asked him in French — "Your friend?"

"Mon frere," he answered in a whisper. "My brother."

The fire engine commenced to pump; the crowd commenced to disperse. A motor truck carrying three coffins drove off.

Two days passed, and I visited a local garage. The very guillotine was in the yard undergoing an overhaul. The executioner himself was testing the rise and fall of the blade with no more concern than a train conductor rapping a bell.

"The new model which we are expecting will be much superior to this," he said, with the air of a man discussing automobiles. "It will be worked by electricity. All we have to do is press a button to release the electro-magnet," he explained.

The instrument of death has come a long way since it left the hands of its unknown inventor. He expected his executioners to be muscular men who would haul the heavily-weighted steel blade to the top of its shafts on a pulley. And when the question of execution was discussed in the National Assembly of France during the Revolution, Dr. Joseph Guillotine agreed with him, and nominated it as the

new official method of execution.

The National Assembly agreed — and named the instrument in honor of Dr. Joseph, but the crowds who stood around the scaffold in the Place de Greve on April 25, 1792, and watched the blade fall for the first time in official death, affectionately christened it "the Razor," and referred to the executioner as the "barber" who "shaved" his "customers" — "and none complained," said the joke of those gay days.

The good doctor, as a medical man, earnestly believed that the instrument was the most humane as well as the most efficient method of doing a dirty job — a point borne out by the fact that, in all its history the guillotine has not failed in its operation as have the galleys on many regrettable occasions to the agents of the executioner and witnesses as well as of the condemned. If humanitarianism is to be considered, the swiftness and cleanness of the guillotine have much to commend them.

Sanson, the official "barber" of the Revolutionary days, goes to some trouble in his memoirs to show that the guillotine is the most humane of all forms of execution — and as he saw it work on over 13,000 victims, he should have known! His praise of its efficiency set those of an artistic workman for good tools of trade — an electric guillotine would have delighted him.

Yes, it has come a long way. The effect, to me, is still the same.

Never in its history have there been the grim scenes which often occur on the galleys.

Love in Bloom



(1.) At 14, the Jones' girl slipped you a conversation lolly bearing an unwelcome and derogatory message, and the men arrived your soul. Woeen, you decided, are all alike, except that every one is different. Before you, then, stretched a long vista of bachelorhood, and you spent the next three years enjoying the better frustration of the jibed.



(2.) Cynically, you went your way, scorning the friendship of women. Then—**SWACK!**—you see her, and you're in love. You can't eat, you can't sleep, but you're determined not to display over-ovinity, and you act tough. . . . anyway, that's what you think, but actually, all you're doing is making her do exactly what she wants to do. You decide to spend some of the money you've been saving (to buy a desert island) on her . . .



(3.) It's your first date. You're determined to do the thing in the grand manner: dinner, theatre, supper. You don't care how much the night costs—provided it's not more than a week's wages. (Her, remember, you are only an office boy, and this is a power story.)



(4.) You meet (her) you're self-conscious, and it doesn't help when, having tested yourself at the restaurant with the air of a connoisseur, you learn that the menu is printed in a foreign language—and what you've just ordered is the Greek owner. She, on the other hand, is at ease, and your jealous heart leaps to the suspicion that she's an old hand at dining *a deux*.



IS! And so it goes on. You can't eat, you can't sleep, for this, at last, is the Big Love. As time passes, you begin to eat less. But that's not because you're in love. It's because after spending so much, you're plain too broke to eat.



Come the night— and you find you still can't eat — and it's your own fault, sucker, for not feeding out first if she can cook. And when the time comes for counting your blessings (see illustration) it's a pretty safe bet that you and your bed will be absolutely strangers.

Medicine ON THE MARCH



cerebrospinal or cardiovascular syphilis many years later.

KOMSOMOLESKAYA PRAVDA, Moscow Communist Youth newspaper, reports the discovery of a growth-promoting medicine which doubled the weight of a mature dog. It also restored to health an 80-year-old man, and is being used for the treatment of hemorrhage and bone infections. The preparation, *sympatomonin*, was developed 15 years ago by Prof. Chiklitcher from albumen and sulphuric acid.

Lt.-Col. D. C. MACDONALD, serving with the Allied Commission in Sicily, reported having successfully treated malaria with adrenalin. He believes that before the malarial germ makes itself felt it breeds in the human spleen and passes thence into the blood stream. By giving adrenalin doses which cause the spleen to contract the malarial germ is expelled into the blood, where plasma eliminates it.

SURVEYS show that two out of every three people have higher blood pressure in their right arm than in the left. Among persons of high blood pressure the difference is noted in five out of six.

A NEW kind of blood club is being formed in the U.S.A., in which only people with "Rh" negative blood will be welcome. The club is to save the lives of babies born to parents of different "Rh" blood content. The "Rh" factor has nothing to do with blood typing, as in ordinary transfusions—it is a blood difference based on the presence or absence of the so-called "Rh" factor. Where the parent is "Rh positive", while the other is "Rh negative", chemical reactions in the pre-natal stage cause trouble, sometimes fatal, for both mother and child. The only solution is to have an available supply in "bank" form of "Rh" negative blood.

PENICILLIN may become a danger if it is indiscriminately used by laymen. It may, now the war is over, be fairly freely sold commercially — and the medical profession fears that home treatments with the commercial forms will not be thorough enough. They increase a syphilis sufferer who will take enough to clear up his early symptoms, and will believe himself healed, only to fall victim to

Inflation Comes to

Racing

Now years saw a big increase in racing expenditure. Was it justified?

ON September 29, 1945, 78,000 people passed through the gates of Randwick (Sydney) Racecourse to invest £226,591 on the totalisator — a total which represented an Australian record in betting volume; in addition to this amount, at least as much again must have passed through the hands of bookmakers.

Those figures topped a phase in racing during which Australian enthusiasts paid an all-time record for the thrills of the turf.

Free spending is usually a good sign, for it reflects confidence in the country's future; but the abundance with which money has been spent over the past few years is a bad thing. It suggests that the spending orgy was inspired to some extent by an urgent desire to be rid of money dubiously earned — an aspect supported by the Government's action in recalling banknotes of high denomination. It was bad because it held a touch of frenzy. And it is bad because it has adversely affected the morale

of those people for whom racing has but casual interest.

Racing has always been expensive. It is frankly an industry, and no one of ordinary perception would consider it otherwise. That, at least, is in racing's favour from the angle of seldom spending.

Even regarded as an industry, it is hard to reconcile the spendthriftness of racegoers with the fact that Australia has been, for four years at least, on a wartime footing.

In 1942, the Sydney yearling sales produced an average of 144 guineas per sale, and studmasters bitterly criticised the A.J.C.'s action in reducing stakes — the cause, they said, of the poor result. They added that the market had been forced back 40 years.

Their position was unjustified, for in 1943, with the Japanese hammering at our front door, the average increased to 256 guineas. That year, catalogues were restricted to 50 per cent of the number of yearlings bred by the vari-

ous studs. So that, obviously, only the best property were represented.

The next two years saw the sales hit an all-time high. There had been a boom in business, and in taxation — and in black markets. In 1944, 327 yearlings were sold — at an average price of 514½ guineas.

One studmaster, commenting on the inflated prices, said:

"Even if some of the money paid for yearlings is 'black market profits,' as has been stated, it matters very little, because it is better to have inflation with horse flesh than inflation with necessary commodities — and at least the Government gets the money back by way of taxation, whereas it would get nothing at all, or perhaps pay interest on it, if it were invested in loans."

It is bewildering to recall that at this time the man who wished to purchase a home for his family was compelled to invest a fixed ratio of the purchase price in war bonds; and even though it is true that after the boomer had received a certain amount the remainder went to the Treasury, it is impossible to believe that the Government would not have appreciated at least the inflated proportion of the £168,000 spent at sales to have been invested in bonds. The studmaster's statement, consequently, was, to say the least, naive. The Melbourne yearling sales also produced record figures — an average of 501 guineas.

The last sales held in Sydney were even more spectacular, for the average cost of yearlings was 557 guineas.

Of the 360 horses offered, 54

were sold at 1000 guineas or more. Here are the figures during the years 1933 to 1942:

Year	Horses Offered	Sales		Average Price
		Total		
1933	405	52,569		129½
1934	356	54,702½		153½
1935	436	80,007½		183½
1936	487	74,455		153
1937	474	100,287½		211½
1938	444	98,412		221½
1939	432	78,155		181
1940	492	101,170		205½
1941	430	80,402½		187
1942	232	34,537½		149

During this period, the average sale price was 180 guineas. Compare it with the figures for 1943, 1944, and 1945:

Year	Horses Offered	Sales		Average Price
		Total		
1943	262	67,090		256
1944	327	168,235		514½
1945	360	200,565		557

— an average price of 459 guineas.

This was indeed irresponsible spending. The quality of horses has not appreciably improved during the period; stake-money has decreased, for during the 1933-42 period, owners were able to race their horses in suburban tracks on Wednesdays, and on provincial courses on Tuesdays. Yet the average income over the two periods was greater than 150 per cent.

This inflation in horse-values is a fair reflection of other phases of the racing industry. Bets which would have earned sporting page headlines in previous days became small business for the bookmakers.

It was not unusual to read of £5,000 being individually wagered, and the bookmakers' bags held for-

times every Saturday. Of the £226,591 unswayed on the Randwick tote on September 29 last, no less than £50,000 was bet on one race, the Kooega.

Melbourne, too, was in the throes of a boom. The tote turnover at Caulfield on October 7 created a new record for the course.

Cup day, however, saw this record toppled, when an all-time Australian high of £232,688 was put through the totalisator at the Flemington course.

Of the course bookmakers, meantime, were naturally participating in the boom. It was said that at one period — immediately prior to the Government's action in recalling notes of big denomination, the flimsy loaders at some sporting clubs held as much money as the vault at the Commonwealth Bank. This statement, of course, it not intended to be taken seriously, but it is true to the extent that the loaders were actually being used to hold big sums. Indeed, there is a story that one big operator discovered his bank reduced overnight by a sum of £2,000, the rumored loss was never publicized, nor was it confirmed by a request for police enquiry. Yet, at the height of the boom, such a loss was possible.

So much for the cost of acquiring a horse, and the outlay on betting. How are jockeys benefiting from the boom?

Although, nominally, the rider of a winning horse receives 5 per cent of the prize money, owners are naturally prepared to offer greater inducement to successful jockeys for their services.

The last Caulfield Cup, for example, was worth £5,000 in prize

money, for the winner, and the least the winning jockey could get was £250. It was alleged, however, that Darby Manno had been offered £3,000 to ride, and win on St. Fairy. Manno allegedly accepted — and, two days later, suffered a broken wrist in a race fall. The same gift was allegedly offered to Broadley, who eventually rode St. Fairy and won the Cup.

The suspension of Melbourne jockey, R. Heather, meant a potential loss of £2,000 for three rides, for that was the amount he is said to have been promised for winning the classic treble: the Caulfield Guineas, the Victorian Derby, and the Melbourne Cup, on Don Pedro.

These are but two instances of big personal earnings amongst jockeys. Because the two mentioned are among Australia's most outstanding riders, it is probable that the amounts mentioned are bigger than the reward the average jockey can expect, even for important successes. Nevertheless, it is a true reflection on the inflation in racing.

Racing is a business — but no business can hope to continue to make such great profits indefinitely. Someone will lose — in addition, of course, to the small punter — and remembering that the last three annual yearling sales have produced an average increase of 150 per cent over the preceding years, it is most likely to be those who have invested so great an amount of money at the purchase of yearlings as yet unsold. For, by the time these horses are in training it is possible that racing will be stabilized. Perhaps that is a thought for would-be purchasers at the 1946 sales.



"I don't know whether to fire you or send you to gaol. Did you say you have a horse?"

Government Girls



For six years, they have enjoyed the doubtful pleasures of Canberra

FREDERICK T. SMITH

LOADED down with suitcases, hatboxes and all the impediments of the traveller who expects to stay a long time, they stepped off the train on to Canberra's shabby station and gazed curiously around them at the wide open spaces of the Federal Capital.

To very many of them it was the start of the Great Adventure — the first time they had worked away from home, but they were looking forward to the experience.

They were the vanguard of many hundreds of such travellers — girls who came from all over Australia to work in Canberra during the war. Some were permanent officers of the Public Service transferred to Canberra to take over the posts of men who had gone into the fighting forces; the majority were temporary employees inducted into the ranks of public servants to staff new wartime departments.

For six years these adventures learned the hard way about Canberra — what it was to be a Government girl in a city which was short of men and short of many of the amenities they had been accustomed to. Worst of all, they learned what it was to be short of money because Canberra, never a cheap city to live in, put on something special in high cost of living during the war.

Most girls lived in Government hotels under the tight rules of a boarding school of the Victorian era, or in boarding houses where tariffs taxed their incomes almost to vanishing point.

From 8.30 in the morning until ten minutes to five in the evening — if there was no overtime to do — they worked as typists, clerks, telephonists, research officers or messengers. At the end of the day they hurried to the bus stop and

scrambled for a toehold on the overcrowded buses, or snatched their bikes from among the dozens of machines parked in the long racks outside all Government departments.

To a visitor to Canberra the five o'clock exodus was always intriguing to watch. One narrative the long, leafy avenues would be almost deserted, the next they would be crowded with hurrying bicycles, most of them ridden by the Government girls, hair flying, skirts blown high, pedalling furiously, although many of them would have no place to go after they got to the hotel or boarding house.

The evenings were worst of all. Social opportunities were few in wartime Canberra, and girls were in the majority. But unimaginative Government officials did everything they could to make the hostile unlike home.

Maybe the strict regulations that governed the hotels were designed to protect girls from those perils which are said to threaten young women in a wicked world.

Maybe there was the shuddering recollection of the time early in Canberra's history when, determined to stop the mixed parties in one women's hotel, the police swooped down one night, and in the rush of male visitors to leave, a Minister dived out of one window and his male secretary out of another.

Whatever the motive the hotels succeeded most of the time in closely resembling corrective institutions.

For most of the younger girls the shortage of male escorts was a serious matter, because junior sal-

aries, even with the small Canberra allowance added to them, did not leave much for pleasure. A night at the pictures and the weekend dance at the Albert Hall were as much as most of them could afford.

Others made friends with private families and succeeded in enjoying something like a normal life. They joined the tennis-club, formed social clubs, or gave their spare time to the Service hostels in Canberra. On Saturday afternoons, out of sheer boredom, they sometimes spent 3/- on a return trip in the bus to Qazianbeyan, just over the A.C.T. border in N.S.W. If they were in funds they might spend the afternoon at the dog races, stay in for the pictures, and come home on the late bus.

Saturdays were just the prelude to the wearing boredom of Sundays. On Sundays the Government girls went to church and sat in the same pews as Ministers and high Department officials; they played tennis, went for hikes to the top of Red Hill or Mount Ainslie, or, in summer, paddled about in Canberra's overcrowded, inadequate swimming pool.

Washing on Sundays helped to fill in the hours. On Sunday nearly every window in the houses and boarding houses was draped with stockings and ties and pieces of feminine apparel.

The wartime girl worker in the Government did a splendid job. Those who didn't spend all their time in Canberra led a hectic existence travelling from place to place with Ministers and Department officials, living in a suitcase,

but spending their longest spells in one location when they were in Canberra with the boss for Parliament and Cabinet meetings.

These Government girls could have put up with the boredom, and the social inadequacy of their jobs if their living conditions could have been a bit happier, especially on the food front.

With rationing and shortages, and the desire of the Government to overtake the regular annual losses on its hotels, the mood of women's hotels recently became top news in Canberra. A flood of protests by the Government girls against the inadequate diet of the hotels was ventilated in Parliament, and the Department of the Interior, landlord of all Canberra, has been stirred to action. Earlier the Department put nutrition experts on to an investigation of food complaints at the hotels, and although it was said that marvellous improvements occurred about the time the official was due to arrive, he nevertheless condemned the dietary scale. His report was shelved.

Canberra is a small place, and a Government servant who talks too much is likely to find it unhealthy. A male official who wrote to the Canberra Times about Canberra's deplorable housing conditions was solemnly fined two pounds by the Public Service Board. A girl who identified herself with the agitation for better conditions at the hotels was put out of her hostel as an undesirable.

Then Senator Dorothy Tangney championed the Government girls, and she looks like succeeding where the men have failed.

Senator Tangney has a file of

letters which direct the spotlight on the inadequacies of diet at the women's hotels. Many of the girls on the lower income range, one letter stated, were unable to purchase food at rates to supplement their meagre rations and have suffered in health accordingly.

Another letter said: "Girls once strong and big are fast becoming streamlined to such an extent that their folks can hardly recognise them. Every girl spends all her pocket money on food. That is why girls won't leave home to come to Canberra to stay."

More serious was the letter of a mother who said her daughter had got into debt trying to buy food and pay medical expenses. The girl spent three years "in and out of a boarding home" as a result of the run-down condition into which she got in Canberra.

"I curse Canberra," one mother wrote bitterly to Senator Tangney.

Senator Tangney suggested something which might have helped a lot of girls who came to Canberra during the war — appointment of a welfare officer to supervise their conditions.

Now the war is over and as wartime staffs are being pared, many of the temporary girls are preparing to leave the Capital.

Many of them got to like Government life in spite of the inconveniences, and, sometimes, unhappiness of Canberra, and they are angry at being displaced after their good service during the war.

But very many more, in their anxiety to get back to places where the social opportunities are better, just can't get away from Canberra quickly enough.



"I'd have to ask you to make your own beds. Here are the beds"

According to this writer, Benzedrine is not harmful. Doctors can't agree.

W.V.F.

I Was a Benzedrine ADDICT

WHY did I start taking benzedrine? The answer is seven years old. One night as I sat in my studio, I found that the fingers which held my brushes no longer obeyed my brain; my hand shook from fatigue; I felt drowsy — a natural enough reaction, for I had been working for 14 hours without a break.

Two fellow artists wandered in, as they often did, with a complete lack of formality and at any hour. They noticed my condition, and one produced a few tablets which resembled aspirin. Knowing little about them except that they would, in the artist's words, "Pop me up," I swallowed two of them.

Immediately, I had the sensation that a thin sheet of ice had been inserted beneath my skin — ice that was deliciously cool and stimulating; then, with a crackle which I could almost hear, it broke up.

I worked throughout that night, and used 5 o'clock as the morning.

The fingers which held my brush now moved quickly and nimbly. I found that I could work without reference. I became so engrossed in my work that the cigarette which I lit burnt a hole in the table beside me. And my work was infinitely better than anything I had done in the past six months.

When I went to bed, I slept soundly for eight hours; I woke up slightly drowsier than usual, but otherwise, I felt no effects of the drug. I took four more of the tablets my friend had left, and instantly I was wide awake and ready for work.

For the next year, I took as many as nine five-grain tablets at two or three day intervals. I found that if I slept before the stimulating effect wore off, I would wake feeling fine — but if I allowed the effects to die, I became depressed and had slight hallucinations. Then, after 12 months, I learnt that the tablets merely stimulated my actions.

However, I was never an addict in the true sense of the word. I could go for days, even months, without resorting to benzedrine. Then, when I felt that my mind was becoming lazy, or my pen and brushes were being disobedient to my will, I would swallow three or four.

Two University students once studied the effects of benzedrine on me. I took two tablets, waited an hour before taking another, and took the fourth another hour later. The students could trace no ill-effects — and, indeed, the only discernible result was that my pulse was stronger.

It has been established that benzedrine raises blood pressure, yet I once took two tablets an hour before seeing a doctor — and my blood pressure was a good deal lower than usual.

I am told by doctors that the drug slows the passage of food through the digestive channels and kills appetite. That is true as far as I am concerned, for after taking the drug, I felt no desire to eat, even though I might continue to work for an unbroken stretch of 36 hours.

Since I began to take benzedrine, I have been amazed by the number of my acquaintances who are also "addicts."

One woman uses the drug, because of its appetite-reducing qualities, in order to reduce. Another — also an artist — takes up to nine tablets a night for the same reason as myself; but on occasions she becomes mentally unbalanced, even to the extent of painting by what she calls "Psychic Control." Yet another of my friends is using ben-

zedrine as a cure for alcoholism — and successfully, too.

Incidentally, it has been my personal experience that a hangover and benzedrine just can't live together.

Since taking benzedrine, I have suffered from nervous breakdowns on two occasions. The first came three years after I became an "addict," was so slight that I continued to work. The next was a complete mental collapse, necessitating a four months' lay-off from work.

But I have no doubt that both occurrences were due to a natural cause, overwork. The fact that I was addicted to benzedrine had, to my mind, nothing to do with my nervous or mental condition.

However, medical opinion contradicts me. The American Medical Association's Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry says:

"When used by the public as a pep-up drug to ward off the effects of fatigue, the conditions are present for establishing benzedrine addiction. We may well remember that cocaine was used for centuries before its addiction properties were recognized, that heroin was used as a cure for addiction to morphine. Recognition of addiction has always lagged considerably behind the introduction of a new drug."

My response to this is that although at one time, I was taking up to nine tablets at perhaps three day intervals, it is now six months since I dropped the habit. Because I have felt mentally and physically fit, I have not had the urge to return to benzedrine.

With my habitual curiosity, I

sought to learn something of the drug which could afford me so much stimulation. An American writer terms it a close chemical cousin to two other drugs: ephedrine, and adrenalin. The former comes from a Chinese plant, *ma-hu-e*, and is used mainly in the form of an inhalant to open congested nasal passages. Adrenalin comes from the adrenal glands of animals and is used as a heart stimulant.

Both these drugs, says my authority, constrict blood vessels and slow the action of the heart; they are invaluable in treating people who inhale an overdose of anesthetic during an operation and in the treatment of shock and drowning victims. Benzedrine has the added ability to stimulate the central nervous system.

My authority records cases of the drug being used to relieve symptoms of narcolepsy, the uncontrollable desire to sleep. A friend of mine, whose business activities demand unusual hours, keeps, under doctor's instructions, two tablets on the dressing table alongside his bed. His alarm clock is set for a certain time, and the moment it wakes him he swallows the tablets — and is ready for another day (or night's) work.

When he has no occasion to rise, he neither uses nor feels the need of benzedrine — which conforms to my theory that the drug is not habit-forming.

The American Armed Forces make no secret of the fact that benzedrine was extensively used in order to eliminate fatigue among jungle fighters and airmen. Although authorities are conscious

that it may cause fighting men to become post-war "addicts," they nevertheless have chosen to distribute it, on the score that its use will ensure alertness.

To test the action of the drug, supply was maintained to a number for many hours. At the end of that period, they were still alert and keen; other men who were asked to perform the same tasks without the drug were mental and physical wrecks.

University students — and I personally know many — often make use of benzedrine to tide them over critical examination periods. You may remember that some years ago the revelation that it was used by students caused an outcry. But I know that the practice is being continued — and the men I have questioned have, like myself, found no difficulty in forsaking the drug after its usefulness is over.

As I have said, it is now six months since I took benzedrine — and my abstinence has not been due to my inability to secure it. No chemist in the district in which I live has displayed the slightest hesitation in providing me with it, and on occasions when I have made routine purchases in pharmacies, chemists have even asked me if I needed some.

And if I needed any indication of the extent to which people have resorted to benzedrine in these bustling, bustling days, I received it when my own supplier said, only yesterday, that the citizens of my quarter of the globe had apparently forsaken ordinary food, and appeared to live exclusively on the drug!



"Absolutely amazing oranges on an apple tree!"

TOMORROW'S

WORLD

TELEVISION has taken a giant stride forward by the development of a process which enables transmission to be made over ordinary telephone wires.

In the past, transmission has been carried on higher frequencies far separated from the broadcast band, and range has been limited to 30 miles. Tests made to compare the new method with the coaxial cables — the technique used up till now — have indicated no appreciable difference in quality. Moreover, the new method will eliminate a major expense: that of constructing coaxial cables at a cost of about \$3,000 per mile.

The invention also solves the most difficult of all television problems, for it can be used to transform existing receivers into high-fidelity receivers, and, with the addition of new equipment, convert them into sight-and-sound models.

* * *

"Mr. SMITH is in the office, sir. He says you overlooked an appointment with him..."

The Managing Director who

has so far been able to forget business comes by packing his golf clubs in the car on Wednesday afternoon may be the one man who will not welcome the introduction of the car radiophone.

Before he even makes the golf course, the buzzer on the dashboard may sound a reminder that our business cares are always with us. The war has brought the development of the car radiophone to a stage when general use is imminent. The Bell Telephone Company of America is awaiting permission to mass-produce the necessary gadgets.

Subscribers will carry compact receivers and transmitters in their cars, and the caller will use ordinary telephone equipment. The exchange will send out a radio signal on the appropriate band, causing the buzzer to operate. Application of the radiophone will be wide: transport and taxi companies, for instance, are certain to make use of the service.

Therefore, when Mr. Smith, Managing Director, takes the day off, he will be wise to disconnect his car radiophone.

NOT so long ago, the supply of penicillin was so limited that output went almost entirely to the troops. Today, growth of the mould has been expedited so greatly that it is available for all who need it. And tomorrow, because scientists are assisting nature by battering the mould molecules with the cyclotron, penicillin will be almost as plentiful as aspirin.

This treatment is creating new strains of the wonder drug, many of which possess even greater germicidal properties than the original.

Incidentally, two new uses have been found for the drug. The first use is in the preservation of food stuffs — bacteria which resisted pasteurisation has become easy prey for penicillin. In another form, it has been used successfully in the treatment of animal diseases such as acute and bovine mastitis, wound and blood stream infections due to staphylococci and streptococci and anthrax.

* * *

IT is an efficient housewife who has never permitted an iron to

rust for a moment too long on her husband's best shirt, with the result that the garment is scorched. On such occasions, the time-proven routine is to hang the shirt in the sun in the hope that the bleaching qualities of the sun will effect repairs.

The housewife is thereby unconsciously putting her faith in the photo-chemical action of the sun. An inventor has made use of this knowledge to introduce an ultra-violet lamp, now in use in many American shirt factories.

The scorched portion of the garment is damped and placed under the lamp; within 10 minutes, the stain is gone.

Soon, production of the lamp will be stepped up to the point where models will be available for household use. The home version of the lamp will be more compact than that used for commercial purposes. And there's this additional advantage in owning one: when you're not using it to remove the evidence of your ironing lapse, it may be used as a sun-lamp to give your body a well-deserved tan.

We've Had It!

WE'VE HAD some footnotes to music in the modern world:

- In Carbone it was stated that "low brow" (broadcast) lyrics had a special appeal to the public, and that broadcasts encouraged housewives to finish their work early.

WE'VE HAD some observations on vehicles of one kind and another:



- The Comptroller General of Patents and Trade Marks of the U.S. declared that the word "jeep," having fallen into common use is now a common noun and consequently cannot be registered as a trade mark.

WE'VE HAD death in some peculiar aspects:

- A 14-year-old English boy who was eager to join the R.A.F. and make parachute jumps, pretended to parachute from the top of the stairs in his home — and broke his neck, killing himself.

- A Jap garnison commander at Singapore ordered his officers not to commit *hara-kei*. The order was issued after 300 had killed themselves.



WE'VE HAD grievous bodily harm inflicted under varying conditions:

- Two married men who courted the same girl both tried to divorce their wives to marry the girl. In Brisbane, when they discovered the set-up, one assaulted the other.
- A Jap *corps* *enterly* broke a chair, in an Allied P.O.W. internment camp. An officer beat a sergeant for the offence — the sergeant looked a corporal — the corporal bashed a three-star private who in turn bashed his officers in rank. Bashers and bashed were all Japs.



- In Singapore soldiers used love letters as improvised cigarette papers, and had kindly thoughts about their girls as they enjoyed their smokes.

WE'VE HAD some sidelights on the food situation:

- Australian P.O.W.'s looked on boiled dog as a luxury during their internment in a camp at Niteroi, 350 miles from Tokyo. They used rats and cock roaches to eke out their ration.
- Dietetic experts in Britain reckon it would take 170 glasses of beer to provide a man with the 1700 calories of energy his body would use lying still in bed for 24 hours. A clerk needs 2220 calories a day — a glass of beer has only 10. An ounce of lard has 253.
- In Arizona a woman asked for a divorce because her husband ate all the food in the house, then went out for a meal and stayed out. He was in the habit of doing this.



Plan for THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 13)

PREPARED BY W. MITCHELL SHARP, A.R.C.S.I.

In its thirteenth home of the series, CAVALCADE leaves the median field for a house in the traditional manner. It is in the American Cape Cod style, with minor adaptations to bring it into conformity with Australian living and standards. This is a very popular style in the United States, and there can be no denying that it possesses a definite appeal.

There is about it a charm that seems to go with gracious living and suggests a more harmonious and full home life than is perhaps customary in a flat-dwelling age.

The home pictured here and on the succeeding pages, why it blend well with the Australian scene, and its utilization of the roof space for the bedrooms makes it perhaps the most economical way to achieve a given floor area.



FIRST FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR



The same fact tends to make the upstairs rooms warmer in summer than would be the case in an orthodox one-story plan, and insulation would be necessary in the hotter parts of the Commonwealth. The first floor plan has been carefully shaded, however, to ensure cool draughts and good air circulation, which are the most important factors in reducing upper floor temperatures.

This style does not permit quite as free a plan as does a more modern approach, but modern treatment of the interiors would in no way detract from the general charm of the house.

The plan tries again on the plan on the facing page one by one means arbitrary, but are capable of considerable variation. As proportions are very important in a house of this type, and as good planning is a major factor in economical building, it is suggested that variations should not be attempted without the help of an expert planner. The maximum footage on which a home with the room uses as marked could be accommodated is 51 feet, but a little more space would naturally be an advantage.

BUILDING COSTS

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

EVERYBODY knows that building costs just now are high. Nobody seems to realise just how high until they get down to estimates for their own house.

One is continually being asked for advice on the question of building now, or waiting until prices fall. The answer would be easy if one knew when that fall was coming.

After the last war there was a steady rise in building costs until the peak was reached in 1929. With the arrival of the depression there was an abrupt drop. Recovery brought with it steadily mounting costs. The 1929 "high" was passed. The slowly rising prices leaped from 1939 onwards, until now they are about 50 per cent above those ruling when war began.

There is nothing magic or amazing about this. It is merely a reflection of the reduced value of the pound, and applies equally to oranges and the postage rate. In building it is further aggravated by the inability of a homebuilding industry to supply an unprecedented demand. Unless something wholly unforeseen happens, high prices will remain until that demand is nearing satisfaction.

Some experts think that the peak

has been reached — that prices will not go higher simply because they have reached the maximum that mounting home builders can pay. If sufficient home builders could be induced to hold off until some of the lag in material supplies is made up and more tradesmen released from the forces, a downward trend might result. But there are too many people desperate for a roof for that.

Should prices fall, they must fall at a rapid rate to be of real benefit to those who hesitate. Supposing you, for instance, postpone building for two years. Suppose, also, that your lurch has been right and you are able to build the home you want for, say £200 less than it would cost you today. How much rent will you have paid during those two years?

There is, however, one other point. Later on there will be a greater selection of materials than there is at present. As the most sensible way to make up some of the leeway most manufacturers who previously turned out quite a range of products have concentrated on those which experience proved the most used in the past. For example, casual wear is now only available in the two most popular colors, stoves in the two most-used models.

But as for building costs — nobody knows. They may not go much higher, but there is not likely to be an appreciable fall for a number of years.

Left

Sharp is in solar arrangement and informal in appearance, this drawing from a strictly utilitarian

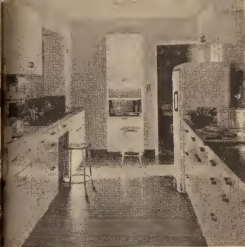




G. W. I. PHOTOGRAPHY

Ideas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

Small, yet compact, this kitchen setting was cleverly contrived to include a breakfast nook at the window. The streamlined tray-table is slated to facilitate cleaning, and the tray lifts out. Notice the racks and corkery bins under the clock, and the electric mixer has its permanent home in a corner. Tiled walls are easy to clean.



Maximum cupboard space also gives plenty of working room. The stove and sink make for easier working when they adjoin. Special washable paint on the cupboards needs only wiping to remove dirt. The work-stool is a folding-saver when washing up or preparing food. Copious refrigerator is conveniently placed near the bench, and an electric mixer is a permanent feature. Ventilation is a feature, too.



The kitchen is a modern, compact design for small
 spaces. The white cabinets and dark handles provide a
 clean, minimalist look. The countertop is a light color,
 and the floor is covered in a patterned tile. The
 overall design is functional and stylish.





The reverse hatch by the door does double duty. It's handy to put things on until they can be put away. Potted ivy plants bring color to the windows and are set in brackets. The high pot cupboard abacuses strap, and the breakfast counter is built in to save space.

Wouldn't It!



Brewery report explains why beer is dear.—*Surely they know that abacuses makes the heart grow fonder.*

Girl fished out of Sydney Harbor.—*That's one catch the fishermen didn't take home to his wife.*

American Major says Australian girls have wonderful manners.—*Doesn't he know that manners beget men?*

Inventors promise homes where housework is done by pushing a button.—*But who will push the button?*

Irish educationalist says man was civilized eight thousand years ago.—*He hasn't learned much since then.*

Sydney City Council planning to plant more trees in streets.—*There is no track in the rainier that local dogs are playing a ceremonial parade to launch the scheme.*

American scientist says a plane could be an atom bomb.—*Now we know what the girl next door was for her accompaniment.*

Kookaburras nest in Sydney building.—*This housing shortage is having wide repercussions.*

A London-invented Gramophone needle will play 3,000 records without being changed.—*The baby upstairs can do that, too.*

Seven thousand Japanese swords being loaned to Australian troops at Rabaul.—*Pleughkakes, for bearing into?*

Londoner earns five hundred pounds weekly by selling chestnuts.—*Must be selling them as radio gaps.*

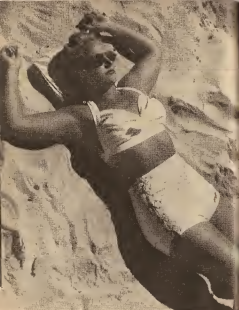
Mothers of triplets born union in America and demand everything in triplicate.—*Including husbands.*

Walkie-talkie equipment planned for taxis.—*Most of us have been using walkie-talkie equipment installed by nature.*

Film chief does not regard television as a movie rival.—*He's, too, prefer the schlocky to our own family.*

Buller chatters into fragments after hitting a union's skull.—*The original ironclad shellback in prison.*

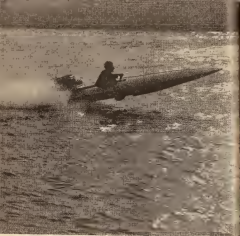
Mae West likely to visit Australia.—*As uplift crusader?*



YOU DON'T HAVE TO LAZE . . .



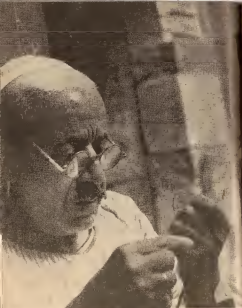
WHEN THEY BOTTLE THE SAYS



YOU NEED PETROL FOR SPEED . . .



BUT SOMETIMES A WAVE WILL DO.



IF YOU CAN'T SEE THE NEEDLE



YOU CAN ALWAYS MAKE IT FELT



Problem of the Month

A little boy stood waitfully at the bottom of the Slippery Dip at Luna Park. An attendant, noticing his expression, guessed that he had no money, and offered to give him a season ticket, free, if he could calculate the length of the slide without using a measuring device.

The boy accepted the challenge with enthusiasm. After considering the problem, he timed himself to walk up the runway which was immediately alongside the slide at the rate of two feet per second and when he travelled down the slide, he slid at the rate of 20 feet per second; then, from the moment he started his trek up the runway until he slid off the Slippery Dip at the bottom, a minute passed.

From these facts, he was able to calculate the length of the Slippery Dip, and consequently received his free season pass.

We are not able to make you a similar offer. But can you estimate the length?

Answer

The mathematical-minded boy estimated that he timed one foot each half-second on the upward trek, and one foot each twentieth of a second on the slide down. At this rate, it would take $1\frac{1}{20}$ seconds to go one foot up and one foot down. Sixty seconds divided by $1\frac{1}{20}$ seconds gives the length of the Slippery Dip: 109 and $1\frac{1}{20}$ feet.

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WITH MYNOR FRUIT CUP!**

MYNOR ON SALE

**THERE'S
MYNOR
FOR YOU
TO-DAY**

**MADE FROM THE JUICES
OF FRESH ORANGES,
LEMONS, PINEAPPLE
AND PASSIONFRUIT**

Drink your health- Drink

**MYNOR
FRUIT CUP**



Cavalcade's FICTION SECTION

D'ARCY NIELAND



O'MALLEY

Was the Boy

"Right or wrong, Jerry, he a man; he a man if it kills you." The Kid understood.

THIS Step-out O'Malley and his kid, Jerry, came to a shed on the Monere and the trouble started pretty soon. It always did when Step-out was around. He took nothing from nobody.

From Lurobodalla to Caddibarrawirracoon, he was a known stomach artist, and there was no doubt about the fact that he was a king with his fists. It was just as well known, too, that he took

his boy everywhere with him, and everyone in the game knew how the kid here worshipped his father.

The Kid used to have a fascinating guide to Step-out. When the men were yarning around the gallery fire, discussing everything from the day's tally to fights they'd seen and had, the kid would take everything in, and tell of the feats of his father.

He was a good bite, and the men soon realized that; they enjoyed the way the light flashed in his eyes and the angry snouts and guffaws as his anger mounted.

One bloke might say: "Never heard of your father, son. Who is he?"

"You never heard of Step-Out O'Malley? You take him on and you'll soon hear of him."

"Who'd be ever beat?" another would sneer.

"Listen, I seen him bowl two fellers over at Ginge with two punches. They had to go for first aid."

"Some bloke, your old man!"

"My oath he is. He can best the daylight out of any man that takes him on. He hasn't lost a fight yet."

Much as the boys felt like scrapping some of the glamour off the kid's father, and depreciate the boy's romantic idolatry, they wisely marked their limit. They knew Step-Out O'Malley's rule of life was the fist, they knew he defended his self-respect and his principles by telling a man to take his coat off and up with his dooks.

Some said this love of settling everything with a fight was a bunk with Step-out O'Malley; he had only to imagine he had been offended, and the chap had been knocked off his shoulder. Men resented this trait in him, and a lot hated him for it. To cowards and hangdogs that tried to cowardize their way past Step-out's defence and shone with an assumption of friendship in the light of his friendship, O'Malley delivered a sarcastic tirade and a wallop on two if necessary.

Now in this shed on the Monroe

— Weewalla — Step-out came up against types that he had known before, and which always provided trouble. He and the kid had just cut out at Blackwater, the team had broken up there and only Jerry and Step-out and a dogpoker had been sent on to Weewalla. The rest of the complement were chisely locals, except the presser, who came from Turist.

They were all of a bunch that had no time for him, and it didn't take Step-out long to wile up to their contemptuous silence and reserve. Sitting on his bunk a bit after knock-off, and needing the burn out of his heavy hands, he said to the kid: "Jerry, this crowd has heard about the business at the last shed, and they're trying to make out they don't want anything to do with us."

"You mean," said Jerry, "that big Leslie cow you bashed up because he came to smoke without washing his hands? Why, what's wrong with that? He got what was coming to him. Handling muggsy crutches like he was."

"If it's not that, they've just got me in the gun because they don't like my way. They're a whacker mob, you know."

"Yeah, I noticed they've been pretty cool to me. Don't talk like other blokes. But a good few of 'em's been like that, Step-out."

"I know, I've struck 'em, but not a whole shed full. Look," he said with his sudden characteristic fierceness, "I'd this mob of bone-heads think they're going to cold-shoulder me, I'm going to show them where they get off."

The kid looked at the man's muscular forearms, hard as iron,

he saw the slits of his eyes and the strong brown face; and then the stocky powerfulness as Step-out grabbed his sword and scanted across to the wash-shed. The toughness of his father thrilled him. His admiration was like an infusion of physical strength in him. He was only fourteen.

It came at tea time. The men, pardners in hand, their gawdy duds and moccasins left back in the huts, trooped into the kitchen, and took their helping of soup into the mess-room.

When Jerry and Step-out came in, some of them were coming back for one of the dukes, pie, curry, cold meat, or hash.

The cook said nothing as he handed them their soup. Step-out did: "What's this? All them precious white race of yours?"

"That's all the soup that's left," said the cook, fear in his eyes. "I didn't make much, but there was enough. I reckon one or two must have doubled up."

"What could a man expect from a bunch of hog-footed guns? But it's not all their fault. You're paid to feed everybody, I'm footin' this macker-bill, too, you know. You make more soup next time. I might want a second helping myself."

The cook said nothing as Step-out and Jerry entered the mess-room; there was a deeper blush — what converse there was talked off as if interrupted. Step-out plunked his soup down in front of him and sat down on the form.

Then he stood up, his eyes glittering slits as he looked at the rows of men facing each other down the long table.

"Listen," he growled out. "Lu-

ten to me; am I among men or curs? What's the growl against me? If you pack of back-minded gutters think you're going to freeze me and my lod out you can think again. Go ahead and play at statistics that won't talk. You've been so long among sheep you blane. Well, I want you to get this into your thick heads: I'm sticking in this shed, I'm sleeping in these huts over there, and I'm eating at this table with the rest of you until the cut is out. So you can tie your guns around that!"

In perfect silence, with only the shining eyes of his son on him, and the sober faces of the men, Step-out sat down and began to eat his soup.

He ate slowly, deliberately, periodically raising his eyes to stare around challengingly. His presence made them feel uncomfortable, but there was no doubt that they respected him — not for the man that he was, but for the strength that lived in his rippling muscles.

In their sidelong glances there was admiration — an admiration which they tried to conceal. Then watched his big heavy head as it coursed food to his mouth, looked at his grim face. He commanded them with the authority of a general commanding his troops, albeit an unpopular general.

A voice broke the silence fraught with embarrassment and humiliation — a voice with a smile in it.

Step-out looked up and he saw the presser from Turist standing. He was a stable man, the presser, young, strong, and with an arrogant impertinence in his mien. Those looking at him thought he

must be crazy, or that he knew nothing of Step-out O'Malley's ability. There was a smiling contempt in the presser's eyes; his whole appearance was confident and reassuring. A few trouble dodgers who had risen from the table shook about the door.

"You've got a big mouth, O'Malley," said the presser.

"And I can shut a bigger one," retorted Step-out.

The presser grinned: "I would not be too sure about that. You might bluff these men here, but you don't put the wind up me. I've seen a lot of slugs and bull artists like you; blokes that like to fling their weight about. You just spouted a lot of words, mate, and I for one, don't like 'em."

"Don't you now," said O'Malley in the tense silence. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to make you eat 'em," O'Malley stood up.

"Step out," he said, in his famous invitation, and already there was the usual glow of prospective battle in his eyes. He rolled his sleeves up. The forms were pushed back and men moved with excitement.

There was a mingling of light shinning from the kitchen on to the ground outside; and there they fought, ringed by men holding two or three hurricane lamps, with the leery flicker of the stars and the vastness of the sky over them.

"Get it to him," barked O'Malley's kid.

"I'm dipping (it'll be short and sweet)," said the prize picker, "with the money going to the wrong party."

But in the first three minutes it

was plain to see that at last Step-out O'Malley had met his match. This lean strong fighter from Tuam knew more than the way of prancing and stapling bales. Fast with arms blocking vicious real-lops, he danced all around Step-out. Grease grass men that he was, swift and slick, with blows powerful enough to break a man's jaw as they had done, Step-out was dazzled by the science of his opponent. In ten minutes he was getting and leaving viciously at the fixed purpose in the face of the presser. He fainted and drove in a belt. The presser countered with a drum-like thud to Step-out's plexus. Weakened, he drove again, and the presser flashed over a perfect cross.

Step-out O'Malley's head jerked back, and he hit the ground with a smack. The men crowded around the presser, consisting and peeping. When they turned to help Step-out, they saw young Jerry staring at the position with eyes of horrified anguish and disappointment.

When Step-out came round, he muttered: "How many got to see, Jerry?"

"The presser, that's all," said the kid dully. There was a pained expression in his eye. O'Malley was shocked to see them suddenly blank with tears.

"Jerry, what's the matter?"

Jerry turned over on his back, his face to the wall, and in stunned amazement, Step-out watched his shoulders heaving.

After that, Step-out O'Malley was quicker, but not because of the licking. He was worried about the reaction of his son. The lad badly

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spoke to him. When he did he was indifferent. O'Malley finally understood.

His glory had gone. He had been stripped of his invincibility. The illusions of his greatness had gone as subject ignominy. He was no longer a hero, and he saw he had to do something about it.

Desperate, he called the presser aside, and managed to ask the favor, explaining why.

"What's it worth to let you beat me," smirked the presser, unable to hide his snick of contempt.

"It ought to be worth a tenner."

"Okay. You put on the blue and I'll take you up."

Step-out went back to his hut, relieved. Then as he lay on his bunk, thinking it over, the significance of what he'd done struck him like a shock of pain. He had attempted to sell his respect; he had given in to a weakness foreign to his character. It would be talked about wherever shams were; the legend of his name denounced with jeers and ridicule.

In fierce wrath anger took him, and a furious resentful self-disappointment. He knew what he must do; what he should have done in the first place. Jumping off his bunk, he gripped his boy by the shirt and dragged him up, smacking him hard across the face.

"I ought to beat the hide off you," he gritted. "You'll get some noisiness into you if you want to stick with me."

He left the startled Jerry and strode into the wash-house where the presser was employing the Saturday afternoon washing his clothes.

He looked up when O'Malley

entered. His face showed tolerant contempt, and he regarded O'Malley with the condemnation of a man who knows that he is master.

"Come for a rehearsal?" he asked. O'Malley made no answer. He stood glaring at the presser.

The presser stared back, he displayed no fear, only puzzlement. The singlet he held in his hand dropped with a dull splash into the water, and almost unconsciously he adopted a defensive attitude.

He said: "Maybe it'd be worth a tenner to give you another hiding. I think it would."

"Forget that," he snarled. "It's all off."

"Haven't got the guts to trust me, eh?" taunted the presser.

O'Malley wet his lips; his face clenched; his eyes glittered.

"Step out," he ordered.

They were fighting. Men ran from every direction. Step-out had learned from his defeat; he knew now the other's tricks, and that knowledge was his power and the other's weakness. All the presser's skill was useless against that terrible graveness. Step-out cut the face of his man to ribbons, taking punches to give heavier ones. Heated his eyes and swelled his lip. He stood helpless for a moment, then collapsed.

After the cut out, when they had collected their duques, Step-out O'Malley walked with his son to the siding; conscious of the esteem shown him by the boy, and smiling that he was once more his hero; he said as the train came round the bend: "Right or wrong, Jerry, be a man; be a man if it kills you."

The kid understood.



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Ernie learnt quite a lot from Paul . . .
Now, for instance, to dispose of an enemy.

☆ LEE HARRINGTON

The PINK CARNATION

BECAUSE Ernie was weak-minded, the thing that Paul had done did not look odd to him.

"You haven't looked at his back pocket, yet," he reminded.

Paul tumbled with the clothes of the dead man.

"I know . . . I know. Now keep quiet, will you, and watch for anyone coming. Just whistle to me. You know how to whistle, don't you?"

Ernie said "Yes," and proved that he knew how to whistle by screwing his lips into a tight little ossette and silently blowing through them. Paul ignored him. Finally, all of the corpse's possessions had been turned out on to the pavement, and Paul laid it carefully against the alley wall.

"Now for the trade mark," he said.

Ernie wrinkled his low forehead. "The trade mark?"

"You haven't forgotten, have you? You shouldn't forget such important things, you know. The pink carnation." He extracted the flower from his button-hole, and placed it in the corpse's lap. Standing back with the air of a connoisseur, he surveyed the effect.

"It's smart to leave a little indication," murmured Paul. "Just like the murderers in the detective novels. You've read detective novels, haven't you?"

Ernie shook his head. "No, I haven't."

"Do you ever read anything?"

Ernie nodded:

"Newspapers sometimes. Racing."

Paul went on: "From now on, when the police find a body with a pink carnation on it, they'll know that the Red Robbers did it. That makes us famous, don't you see?"

Ernie nodded again.

"Now," continued Paul, "we are richer by three hundred pounds. That's a lot of money, Ernie. Three hundred pounds. We'll have a good time now, eh?"

Ernie agreed. "A very good time."

"We're going down to Shell Beach for a holiday. You remember Shell Beach, don't you, Ernie?"

"That's where I met you."

"Right. You remember — I was the man who saw you killing that girl on the beach. You wouldn't like me to tell anyone about that, would you now, Ernie?"

Ernie shook his head. "No — that's why I'm staying with you."

Paul nodded. "That's right, Ernie. That's why you're staying with me and doing everything I tell you. Would you like to go to Shell Beach again?"

"Very much. I liked Shell Beach. Lots of pretty girls."

Paul giggled. "Now, keep your eyes off the pretty girls. You just do what I tell you, and we'll have a good time."

Because Ernie was weak-minded and Paul had the brains of the combination, Ernie did not protest when his partner chose a dingy little boarding-house to live at, instead of the big Shell Beach Hotel. The blabby landlady, who knew Paul slightly, and had learned to keep her mouth shut, pocketed the ten pound note he slipped her, and showed them both to a room overlooking the street.

Ernie liked the room, because it had a big bed with brass knobs on each post. He admired brass knobs, and spent a fascinated half hour examining them and watching his distorted reflection in their yellow brightness, whilst Paul unpacked their bags.

"I'm a gentleman sort of a fellow."

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low," Paul was saying. "Work, then play is my motto. When we do a good job, we won't know the dough. We'll spend it until it's all gone, then we'll get some more. You see how easy it is to get money, don't you, Ernie?"

Ernie tore himself away from the brass knobs. "Yes, Paul."

"It's funny how many things you can spend money on. Have you ever thought about it?"

"Sometimes."

"Food. I like spending my money on food. And amusement—pictures and theatres. And jewels. But you've got to have women if you buy jewels, and women turn out too expensive all the way around. Ever notice that, Ernie?"

"Yeah."

After a nondescript dinner at the boarding-house dining-room, Ernie and Paul went for a walk along the sea-front. They kept to the quieter parts of the promenade at first, but gradually Paul was attracted to the Amusement Pier, which stretched like a rich widow's finger into the dark bay.

"Like some dancing, Ernie?" Paul asked. And Ernie nodded his head. So they walked together towards the *Deane Palace* and bought tickets. Paul said to the attendant: "What if we don't have partners?"

The attendant grinned. "Some girls are provided by the management, sir. You buy tickets from them—a shilling a dance."

Paul was pleased. "Nice place. Come on, Ernie."

The floor was a seething mass of jerking bodies—kissing perfumery time to the music.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," nodded

Paul. "You want a girl to dance with. All right. Take this shilling and ask that blonde over there. She looks as if she could put up with you. I'm going to dance with the red head. Now listen, Ernie. When you've finished the dance, come back to this spot. All right, now? This spot, mind?"

Ernie jerked his head, and approached the blonde. She smiled at him. "Want a dance?"

He smiled back at her. "Love a dance. A shilling, isn't it?"

She presented him with a little pink ticket. "Thanks." She took the shilling, and they swung off on to the floor. For a moment, he felt that he was floating in a fragrant, blonde cloud, but suddenly he realised it was her hair against his cheek. He hugged her closer to his big chest, and she grinned up at him. "You don't have to squish me!"

"I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

"No."

"What's your name?"

"Flo. What's yours?"

"Ernie."

"That's a nice name. On holiday, Ernie?"

"Yes. Me and my friend. We're having a holiday after doing a lot of good work."

"That's the stuff. I like to hear that. It's no good for Jack to work all the time, is it?"

"No. Who's Jack?"

She giggled, and began to whistle softly to the music.

He said: "Do you dance all the time?"

"No... only at nights. I wait on tables at the Hotel during the day."

"That's nice."

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"Not very. I'd rather be a film star or something like that. But I don't suppose that'll ever happen to me. You don't happen to be a big producer, do you?"

"A what?"

"A film producer."

"No . . . I'm just a hard-working fellow. I'm down here after doing a good job of work."

She grinned. "That's the racket!"

The music stopped, and he released her. "Thanks, I'd like to dance again."

"O.K. If you have another shilling in your pocket."

He felt in his pocket. "No, I haven't. My friend's got all the money, so I'll have to find him."

"All right, brother. But you'll have to hurry before the music starts. I'll wait here for you."

Ernie rushed off to find Paul. "Paul," he gasped. "I want another shilling!"

Paul looked annoyed. "I was only planning on having one dance. I want to look around this place."

"I want another shilling. I'm going to have another dance."

"No."

Ernie looked desperate. "Please, Paul. She's beautiful."

"Is she now? I must look into this. Which is she?"

"The blonde — standing over near the ferns."

Paul squinted. "Yes, she isn't bad at that." He glanced at Ernie. "But she might be dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"She might talk."

Ernie didn't understand, but he stood where he was, watching Paul cross the floor and fish out a shilling from his pocket. He saw

Flo pass him a pink ticket, and when the music started, they glided on to the floor together. After the dance, he expected Paul to return and advise him whether Flo was dangerous or not, but strangely enough, he stayed talking to the blonde for a few minutes, then swung her into another dance.

Ernie grew restless. He felt annoyed, but helpless. Without Paul he could do nothing. He pulled a match from his vest pocket and scrubbed his teeth with it. The people on the floor were laughing at him. Two of them came close to him and giggled into his face, then swung away again. He knew that he was the centre of attraction, standing there without Paul on the blonde. Suddenly he felt the urge to run away, but just as he was making for the door, he felt a pressure on his arm, and Paul was speaking to him.

"Where you going, Ernie?"

"Out."

He looked around, and saw that Paul was with the blonde. He felt a sudden surge of gratitude. He was going to dance with her again. This was wonderful.

"You know my friend Ernie, don't you, Flo?" Paul was saying.

"Yes, he danced with me. He's very nice."

"He is. He's a very nice boy. Now, Ernie, I want you to be even nicer, and go back to Mrs. Wig gas by yourself. Do you think you can do that?"

Ernie was astonished. "Aren't I going to dance again?"

Paul winked at Flo as though there was some conspiracy between them. "Not tonight. Flo is very tired. Aren't you, Flo?"



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"Very tired." She nodded her head.

"There, now," said Paul. "You wouldn't want to make the lady dance when she's tired, would you?"

And Ernie shook his head. "No."

"Go on, then," Paul was harrying him out the door on to the promenade, and they walked with him for a few yards until the foot path forked. One road led to the beach, and the other back to town. "You go that way," said Paul. He pointed back to town, and Ernie nodded his head ready and left them.

He had gone only a few yards when he stopped and thought. This was silly and annoying. Paul had no business with his girl, because Flo had promised to dance with him again. He felt angry with Paul. He had no right to feel that way, of course, because Paul had brains, and he was bound to do what he told him, but this time, he felt justified.

Shadowing the two figures, he followed them down the dim promenade until they walked down the steps to the beach. He knew the beach well. He had been here before. He saw that Paul and the blonde were heading for a dark little spot which overlooked the ocean. The wind was strong, and his fair hair ruffled as he reached the sand and plodded warily after them.

Once they looked back, and he dropped suddenly to the cool sand. He lay there quite still for a moment, then pleased at his cleverness, he raised his head to see if they were looking. No, they had their backs to him, and Paul had put

his arm around the girl's waist and was trying to kiss her. She struggled for a moment, but he heard her laughing as he bore her head back and kissed her on the lips.

Ernie said: "So?" to himself. And then he was rushing lightly across the sand until he reached them. Paul was shouting, "No, Ernie . . . stop it, Ernie!" and the blonde ran across the sand, screaming.

He felt the pulse of his hands, squeezing the skin of a neck. The texture of the skin infuriated, yet excited him, and he squeezed harder and harder, until the only thing that mattered in the world was the fact that the thing between his hands should be crushed and eliminated. He felt it grow limp, like a squashed banana. The weight at the end which was the head lolled over across his hand and stopped grunting. He was glad it had stopped grunting, because it annoyed him that anyone should want to grant or make a silly noise at such an awkward moment.

Ernie could hear the surf pounding into his brain until he thought his head would break. He shook his cheek bunch of hair violently until he could see again, and lying on the sand at his feet was the limp body which was Paul.

Ernie sighed. More good work done. Systematically, he rifled his victim's pockets, and transferred the valuables to his own, as Paul had taught him to do.

Then, with the sound of the surf still beating in his ears, he rose steadily to his feet, and walked towards the promenade in search of a pink carnation.

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MAN in the House

He was the only man in the house; and he felt that the newcomer was an intruder.

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HE came down the creek bed cautiously, skimming from bush to bush like a shadow, with not a twig cracking to mark his passage. The pack on his back cut his shoulders, and he did not know it. He was carrying the weapon loosely in his hand, ready for instant action. There was stealthy movement all around him all the time, and

he crouched motionless in the scrub, keeping his head down when the flight went overhead.

Anyhow, the rosellas were too far away for him to use his shanghai, Lanny reflected, coming out of his dream and then going back to the jungle when he heard the crashing along the bank of the creek. His imagination made the



cover into a tank. He dropped a pebble into the leather of his canteen, aimed carefully, and when the cow lumbered out of the water nervously snorting, he scored the hit as a direct knockout, and allowed himself the luxury of a wide grin . . .

He was so intent on his fantasy that when he saw the man in the green uniform on the other side of the creek, he instinctively raised his shanghai.

"Hey, don't shoot — I'm your prisoner," said the soldier. His words broke the spell, and Lanny blushed beetroot red. Instead of the creek being a jungle, it was now an ordinary little fern-lined, scrub dotted series of pools. Lanny giggled nervously.

"I won't go!" to, restily," he explained. "I got sorta moved up."

The soldier slid down the bank and joined the boy. Lanny let his bulging school bag slide off his shoulders on to the ground, and untied the knotted laces of his boots from the straps of his bag. He had stuffed his socks into his boots, and stood, sheepishly wriggling his toes in the mud until it squinted up. All the time, he was covertly summing up the soldier, noting the five blue chevrons, but not speaking.

"I know what you mean," said the soldier, after a few minutes of silence. "You forget when you're doing something, don't you?"

"That's right," agreed Lanny.

"I suppose kids do still play soldiers?" wondered the man.

"What else can we play?" asked Lanny in surprise.

"You got me there, son," said the soldier. "Now, look here, if you're going to play soldiers, you ought to do it properly. I've been watching you coming down that creek — you'd have been picked off an hour ago. I'll show you how to take advantage of cover. You watch."

He dropped to the ground, and wriggled into the scrub on the side of the creek. Lanny watched the scrub move slightly, and he kept his eyes on the spot where the soldier might be expected to come out. Instead, he jumped with surprise when the soldier tapped him on the back.

"See what I mean?" The man stood beside him, slightly out of focus.

"That's the way to do it. Come on — I'll show you."

Man and boy dropped flat on

the ground and wormed their way through the undergrowth. Lanny held his breath each time a twig cracked, but the soldier showed him how to cover the ground silently. That way, they worked their bodies over the ground until they came out at the culvert on the main road. By common consent, they climbed up on to the stone coping and sat there. The soldier rolled a cigarette, absently offering his tobacco and papers to the boy, who shook his head gravely.

"Not for me, thanks. Don't smoke," he explained.

The man didn't laugh, but stretched into his hip pocket and offered a packet of chewing gum.

"Try some of this," he suggested.

Lanny dropped rapidly from adult male to small boy, and crammed the four pieces of gum into his mouth, chewing happily.

"Gee," he said, after a few ecstatic moments, "Cherry! I haven't had any since I was a kid."

"You kids have had a tough time," said the soldier. "You live around here—what's your name?"

"Lanny. Alan, really, but I get called Lanny," he said, disquietedly. "I hate it." He drew out a thread of gum and let it coil back into his mouth. "Yeah—I live just up the road."

"Don't you like it?"

Lanny stared at the soldier in surprise.

"Lolce, it?" he repeated. "It's hard. It's only—well, Dad'll be coming home soon. And then we'll all have to go back to the city. I don't want to go back to the city. I want stay here. I love the city."

"You do?"

"Yeah. Stuck up in a flat. Nothing to do, nowhere to go. Can't make a noise. Can't do this. Can't do that. I hate the city." Lanny finished, gloomily, adding, "specially after this." He waved his arm around, taking in the wide sweep of the road winding through lush green paddocks, dotted with clumps of trees, the creek through which they had crawled, the mountains pressing back the cloud on the one side, and the distant glimpse of the sea on the other.

"Supposing your father wants to stay in the country?"

"He won't," gloomed Lanny. "He used to work in the city. He'll want to go back. I wish," he confessed unhappily, "I wish he wasn't coming home. Not to be hurt or anything, but just to stay away so's we could go on living here."

"How do you think he feels about it?" asked the soldier soborly.

"I don't know. I don't care, even. Mum talks 'bout asthma" else. M'sisters—the four of 'em—cackle, cackle, cackle all the time about when Dad gets home." He frowned darkly at the future.

"You know what I think? I reckon you're a bit jealous."

"Jealous?" repeated Lanny. "Jealous. Me? I'm not jealous." He wasn't either—but really. He wouldn't own up to being jealous—only scared.

"It might be nice having a man in the house," said the soldier. "Someone you could talk to," he suggested.

"What's wrong with me?" demanded Lanny, defiantly. "I don't want another man around."

"Women are funny creatures,"



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mused the soldier. "They like a man to boss them around."

"Yeah?" Larry began to brush the dried mud out of his toes, and put his boots and socks on. "I'd like to see the man who'd boss my mother and sisters around. I'd just like to see him," he commented bitterly.

The soldier made a noise that sounded suspiciously like a laugh, but when Larry looked, he was blowing his nose heavily.

"Well," said the soldier, "supposing your father came home. Wouldn't it be nice to have a man to talk to?" He drew heavily on his cigarette. "I mean — you could go out for walks, and — well, you know what I mean."

The idea sprouted and grew rapidly in Larry's mind that this was no stranger — this was his father, sent out to meet him and . . . Black rage blotted out reasoning. He opened his mouth to spit out the bit of chewy, and then spat, without losing the gum. He roared up inside. Two could play at this game. He hated his mother — that she could play such a trick on him. He worked it all out in a couple of seconds. Her idea — go out and meet Larry. Pretend you're a stranger. Get talking to him and see why he doesn't want you home. But, Larry wasn't a soldier. He wasn't going to let on that he knew what this man was up to. . .

"You live around here?" Larry asked, carefully.

"Well, not exactly. I know some people, though."

Larry nodded to himself. "Course he knew some people. And then the bright idea came. He would ask this man home, march

him into the kitchen, and then tell them all that he knew what they were up to. And then he'd clear out.

"You on leave — or something?"

"Last leave. I'm getting my discharge."

He dipped into his tobacco tin and rolled another cigarette. Larry grinned to himself.

"Get any idea of the time?" he asked. The soldier flipped back the leather covering of his watch, and observed his arm around so that Larry could see it was half past three.

"Better be moving. Mum gets the willies if I'm late. Goin' this way?"

The soldier nodded, and they strolled along in silence, with Larry stooping down at intervals to pick up a pebble of the right size for his slingshot, and dropping it into a bulging pocket.

"How long since you saw your Dad?"

"Oh, 'bout five years. He's been a prisoner in Europe, somewhere."

"I don't suppose you remember what he looks like?"

"Oh, sure. Mum's got photos of him stuck up all over the place."

"He'll find you've grown."

"S'pose so," conceded Larry, ungraciously. "Mum's sent him tons of snaps. Couldn't move without a camera."

"When's he due home?"

"Oh, any day, now." Larry stooped down for a pebble, fumbled with it so that he could look up into the man's face. "Wouldn't be surprised if he came today, the way Mum and the girls are flying round."

But the soldier's face didn't give



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anything away. Larry felt an unwilling admiration for the abilities of this man to hide his feelings. And then he felt so angry that he couldn't speak. The treachery of his mother choked up his mind, so that he didn't hear the question.

"I said," repeated the soldier, "a lot of them are coming home, near. Me, for instance, I haven't been home for nearly five years."

A looksbury flapped onto a post and sat there, sleepily. Larry paused, fired a pebble to his shoulder and let fly, but he was so angry that he missed. The bird flew off, and Larry swore.

"Hey, you oughtn't to use language like that," protested the soldier. "I bet your mother wouldn't like hearing it."

"Mum said it first," said Larry. "She said lots worse'n that the night the covey got into the orchard."

"Didn't she hear?"

"Nope. She just went out with a lantern and a stick and belted hell out of the coveys. And she called 'em everything she could lay her tongue to."

There! That was something to think about.

"Well," said the soldier. "What a woman!"

"Why don't you come up with me and have a cup of tea?" suggested Larry, craftily. "Just about now, they'll be having afternoon tea. Scores an' cokes an' things."

"What? Take me up there? A stranger?"

"Oh, the won't mind," said Larry, almost gaily. "She's used to it." He thought quickly, and added, "I'm always seeing people in." That wasn't a lie. The Mas-

sey kids always went in for a piece on their way home. "The girls being people in." They did, too. Every week and they had some people up from the city for some country food.

They walked on in silence for a few yards until they reached the turn in the road.

"There's our place," said Larry. "You better come up and have some tea."

The soldier looked down at the small, grim face.

"Thanks — but I don't think I will. Not just now."

Larry pleaded. It was terribly important to get this man up, and above that he'd known right from the start.

But the soldier wouldn't come. He parted Larry on the shoulder and strode off past the cottage. Larry stared after him, disappointedly, at this part of his scheme going flat. And then he cheered up. No doubt he'd gone around the side, and he'd sneak in and be there when Larry got in. The kid's steps lagged, and he climbed over the gate instead of opening it and going in, properly. And then, instead of walking straight up to the house, he turned off down to the orchard and climbed up into the apple tree.

He was still there, half an hour later, when he heard his mother calling him, so he got down slowly and dragged his feet miserably up to the house.

Inside, as he had expected, he could hear a buzz of excited voices, and he went around to the back, opening the wire door and letting it slam viciously after him.

His mother called from the liv-

ing room. Her voice held a note which he had not heard in it since he was very, very small.

"Is that you, Larry?"

"Yeah," he yelled, ungraciously.

"Come in here — we've got a surprise for you."

He stamped up the passage and into the dining-room — and there was the soldier, right the way he'd expected.

"I know," he mumbled. "Dad's home."

"Not only Dad — your aun brother — at least, he will be as soon as they're married. Look, Eddie, this is Larry," said his mother. "Eddie's going to marry Bet, Larry."

"Good Lord, Grace, you're not calling the boy that stupid baby name — still?" interrupted another voice. A different voice, much deeper than Eddie's Larry, half blinded by the darkened room, turned around; his eyes flying from

Eddie's weak of understanding to the man behind the door — the man whom he had not seen, the man who came forward, hand outstretched in welcome.

"You've grown a lot, Alan," said his father.

Larry thrust his muddy paw in to his father's hand, and shook it, grudgingly, but didn't speak.

"Thanks for looking after the girls for me," said his father, still holding on to the boy's hand.

"Larry's nose's out of joint, now," giggled the youngest sister. "He's been the man of the family for so long."

Larry's world suddenly righted itself. He stuck his nose in the air, and surveyed his family.

"Not on your life," he declared with some warmth.

It's about time we had another man in this house, Dad. There's too many women for me to manage . . ."

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To the Hill, one day, rode Charles Rasp, a boundary rider. Eyes cast down to avoid the glare of the Australian sun, he rode slowly, his weathered face puckered in thought; suddenly, he jumped from the saddle and studied a rock

which lay at the base of the Hill. Then, lifting the rock on to the saddle, he remounted and rode back to the station where he was employed.

Later the same day, he and two friends journeyed to town and registered a claim, for the rock contained solid black oxide of iron. With six others he formed a syndicate to exploit his find. They sank a shaft and made their tests.

The rock was worthless! . . . the Hill remained unconquered!

Frustrated, some of the men abandoned their claims. Rasp's everwile employer, George McCulloch, thought so little of the Hill's possibilities that he put up half his share as stake in a euchre game.

And so, for yet another two years, the Hill continued to brood in unchallenged silence. Then, in 1885, came another man to match his hardihood against the Hill —



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a dour Scot named Jamieson, experienced in mining lore and strong of body.

He found no tin . . . but in the first 1,000 tons of rock assayed, there were 1,000 ounces of silver. The Hill's submission was complete, and within three years it

had yielded seven million ounces of silver, valued at \$1,500,000.

And what of the share lost at suchre? Six years after the game, it was worth \$1,250,000 . . . for from the shaft sunk by Jamieson has grown the immensely wealthier Broken Hill mines!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



SHE was a familiar figure in that small Connecticut village. They knew that her name was Mrs. Chandler, but that was all they knew of her. Her body was thin and wasted, and the skin on her face was stretched as tight as that on a drum. She was about 80 years of age.

One day, her spare figure did not appear in the streets, and the dozens of cats which served as her only companions began to yowl hungrily. And when neighbors hurried to her tiny shack they found that she was dead.

The story of Mrs. Chandler was finished . . .

It had its true beginning 60 years before, when, a young girl bound for England from America, she had found companionship with a man nearly twice her age. She fell in love with him, and upon arrival in England, they were married.

Disillusionment came quickly to the girl. Her husband was a heavy drinker, a gambler — and worse, a drug addict with a preference for the unconventional anesthetic. She, too, used anesthetic; but, the fashion of the day, merely as a skin tonic.

He grew ill, and despite the presence of day and night nurses, she insisted on cooking his meals. He died . . .

The wife was arrested, sentenced to death, but in outcry amongst the women of England and America caused the sentence to be commuted to imprisonment for life.

Her guilt questioned by the world, because it had been proven that her husband was addicted to the drug from which he died, she yet served her sentence. On her release, she returned to America — a forgotten, unwanted woman. She wrote an unsuccessful book and mind lecturing as a means of livelihood. It was not until 20 years later, that she surrendered her married name and chose her maiden name of Chandler.

That was the name by which the people of the village knew her; the name that was engraved on her small tombstone.

Yet there were a few villagers who knew her real name, for some time before she had given a neighbor a handsome dress which bore a tag with her married name; these few kept her secret for more than 20 more years. And then the people of the village realized that amongst

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them had walked the most notorious murderer of the century, a woman whose crime had shocked

half the world and earned the sympathy of the other. . . Mrs. Florence Maybrick.



ROSINE was dying as she lived — dramatically.

Her comes-like features were composed in the kind of beauty which age does not defile; the golden-voice which had held the world spellbound still possessed its unsurpassed quality, but it was softer now. When she spoke, the priest who sat beside her bed had to lean forward to catch the words.

"How long it takes. . . how unpunctual is death."

A soft ray of sunlight, filtered by the heavy curtains which draped the window, fell upon the rose-wood coffin, lined with white satin, which had for years accompanied her on tours.

Rosine had prepared everything. Outside in the hall, spectators and critics who had paid tribute to her genius waited her last curtain with tear-swartened eyes. Men and women who had laughed and cried

at her will looked fearfully at the closed door behind which their idol was playing her last and greatest part.

With her actress's sensitiveness, Rosine could feel the tension about her. All along the route of her funeral, she knew, the people would be waiting in homage. . . the little people as well as the great, the rich as well as the poor.

She felt no sadness at her going, and the knowledge that she would live for ever in the hearts of those people gave her immeasurable pleasure.

Slowly she lifted a beckoning hand towards the priest and smiled wistfully. The priest leaned over her as she spoke:

"I wait, Rosine. . . my flowers. . ."

And then she was gone. The golden voice of Rosine Bernard — the Divine Sarah Bernhardt — was stilled forever.



THE burning Australian sun beat pitilessly down from a cloudless sky. The earth, scorched by drought, was red and barren, and in all this parched expanse, but one thing moved.

It was a man — Lieutenant Andrew Radski, sole survivor of an

accrual which had occurred five months before. Throughout these months, he had been wandering, existing only on the food that desolate land offered — snakes, lizards, berries; and, once, he had struck the coast and found a few fish washed up on the beach.

There had been five men at first,

but one by one the others had died. Radski hadn't buried his mates, for they had made a macabre agreement amongst themselves that those who died should be left as markers for the searchers.

Hope had come to him but once, when a transport plane had come out of the heat haze to fly low over his head. Despite his frantic urgings, it had passed out of sight.

Death was close to Radski now, and he no longer cared. He sought the shadow of a rock and lay down. He drowned, and when he woken a blackfellow was staring at him. For a moment, he started back, and then, rising to his feet, stumbled towards the aborigine. The latter, startled at the sight of this living scarecrow, made to run away, but Radski's weak voice saved him.



WHEN Gustaf

Dalen was 10 years old, he invented a thinking machine with which his mother was able to shell the winter's supply of beans; before he was 12, he rigged up an arrangement from an old clock, an oil lamp, and a coffee pot which not only awakened him each morning, but provided him with hot coffee; while he was still at his teens he designed a milk tester of a type for which the famous inventor, De Laval, had almost simultaneously applied for a patent.

Gustaf was the son of a Swedish peasant, a boy who dreamed of mechanical things whilst his hands were busy harvesting. It was not

There was no comprehension in the blackfellow's eyes as the last event marred his story. Fearfully, the aborigine backed away a few steps, and broke into a run.

Radski returned to his rock to die. For an hour he waited for death. He was roused again by the beat of a horse's hooves, and rose when a white man came into view.

The stranger demanded no explanation, but lifted Radski on to the horse. After a while they reached a rough bark hut, where the flier was given food.

At last, he was able to speak: "I suppose we're thousands of miles away from a town?"

And the stranger looked at him queerly and his face creased in a laugh: "Thousands? Hell, no! Town's only 25 miles away!"

until he was 23 that he left the farm and entered a technical institute. After five arduous years, he went to work with De Laval where, at last, he was able to concentrate on a problem he had pondered over for years.

Alvarn, Sweden had spent more than it could afford on the lighthouses along its rugged coast. Every lighthouse possessed living quarters for the keeper and his family. Why, Dalen asked himself, should he not be able to design a light which could burn and be extinguished automatically?

People laughed at his idea, but he went ahead; his first model reduced acetylene consumption by 90 per cent, and would burn continu-

only for months; his next step was to produce a sun gauge which lit the light at sunset and extinguished it at dawn.

He was given assistants, and a bigger laboratory, and he sought to perfect his invention by making acetylene gas fireproof. Again he succeeded in his experiment, but he nearly lost his life when a cylinder exploded.

 WHEN the citizens of Maryborough, Queensland, heard that Alpin MacPherson had been captured at last, they drew deep breaths of relief and threw away the iron bars they had used to strengthen their doors against the outlaw's intrusion. When he was sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment on St. Helena Island, the most optimistic folk went a little further and returned to cupboards the pistols they had more or less permanently carried.

But there were a few who declared their intention of retaining both guns and pistols — for, they argued, hadn't the wild Scot foiled the police time and time again? Often, when escape was manifestly impossible, hadn't he slipped the authorities' fingers?

The minority was right: within two months, the iron bars and pistols were again in use. MacPherson had escaped by hiding in a grain bag which lay aboard a ship leaving for the mainland. He was recaptured after a brief freedom, but almost immediately he was once more at large.

And whilst he hung on the brink of death, his self-maintained light-houses continued to wink around the dangerous coasts of Europe.

Gustaf Dalen recovered — but he never saw the lights which illuminated the path of man's progress. For the exploding cylinder had injured his eyes, and for the rest of his life, he walked in darkness . . .

More hardened than ever, he began plundering and killing until his very name brought dread into local hearts. Hunted by police, he was often within range of their rifles, but bullets invariably missed their mark.

Truly, said the people of Maryborough, MacPherson was protected by the Devil himself.

His luck temporarily deserted him, and he fell into police hands for the third time — and for the third time he broke out of goal. Back with his gang, he continued to rob and murder. Even amongst his own men, his invulnerability became a legend: some of his henchmen died violent deaths, but the man who led them, who took among risks, remained unharmed.

One afternoon, seized with an unaccountable sentiment, he attended the funeral of one of his men. On the way home, his horse reared, and caught him off balance.

Thus died Alpin MacPherson, the man whom police bullets could not kill . . . who laughed at his gaolers . . . who dared death daily — killed under a horse's hooves while returning from a funeral . . .

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Talking Points

Cover Girl CORALIE KELLY is her name, and we make bold to say she's the John Lee lady in a very worthy contribution to a series of covers which is earning more than a little praise. Coralie is 13, 5 ft. 6 inches in height, and weighs a nicely distributed 5 stone.

Since we chose her for this cover, she has progressed somewhat in her modelling career, and now graces as one of Australia's most sought-after models. She represented the Corps of Signals in the recent Miss Australia competition.

Aloud our writers When JACK FLOCKTON delivered *I Found a New Australia* (p. 4), we asked him, for frantically selfish reasons, to keep us informed concerning the search for the hat he won in Chang Camp. As we go to press, we repeat—sadly—the result of his endeavours: no hat.

BILLY MCLOONEY—William Matthew McLooney to the Bunting thousands—is an outdoor radio announcer. His presentation possesses touches of the showmanship which made him a grand prize agent. And—in case you've missed the "Hedge" for the old days—note which runs between the hues of his story (p. 12)—he still has periods of moments for theatre lights and curtains. Remi comedians like Olsen and Johnson.

The author of *I Was a Brandywine Addict* (p. 64) has hidden his name under a basket of randomly-chosen initials. However, he has pointed us to give a clue to his identity by disclosing that a literary copy of his will shortly see the light

of day—to be published under the name that's on his birth certificate and packing seasonings. We're not trying to play his book, and we don't know whether it's good, bad or indifferent, but for your information we mention its passing to note it is *Faded My Stravinsky* Pardon, of course, is granted.

Snapsat Judging from the mail reaching the editorial desk, one of CAVALCADE's most popular features is W. WATSON SHARP'S architectural section. While acknowledging this because of the present exceptional trend towards home-planning, as popularity is easy to understand, we do take credit for having in W.W.S. an outstandingly competent adviser in housing matters. Mr. Sharp divides his time between two professional loves, architecture and authorship. Thus, in possession of his section between these covers, he is able to accompany his housewife plans with text which is equally down to earth. He is author of "Your Pioneer Home," an informative book on housebuilding which found ready sale and is still in demand.

Predictor for MARCH: We'll We Keep the Davis Cup? JACK CRAWFORD—the Master—should have a pretty fair idea, and under the above title he gives us some sound reasons why we will. Jack's experience and sound judgment give his article an authority which will appeal to all sports lovers. As Australia now holds the Cup, the article is of special importance.



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